

Stories of the Tobacco Evil.

See Next Week's War Cry.

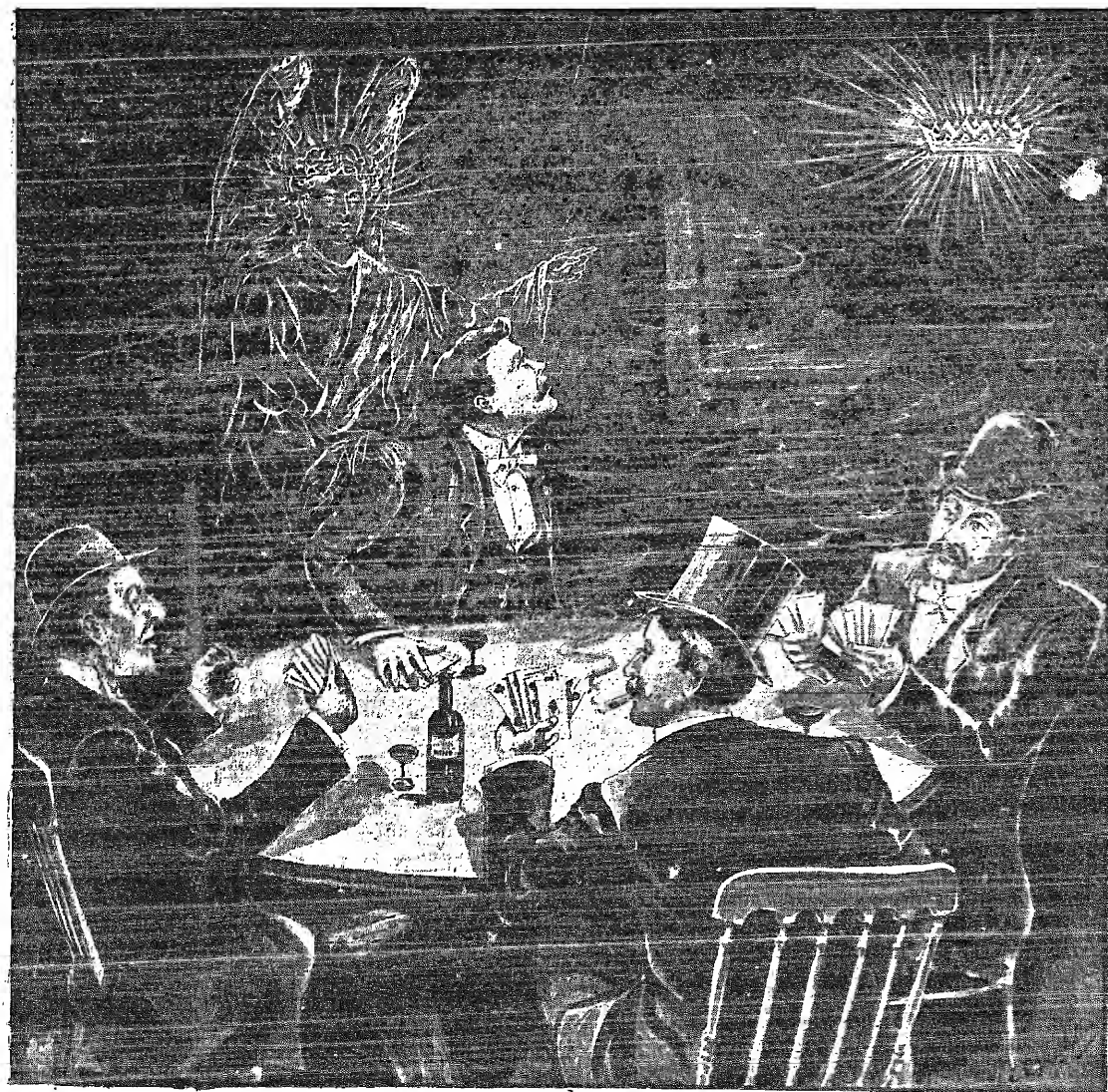
WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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THE DAWN OF CONVICTION.

In the midst of his selfish pleasure a white Angel from Heaven awakened his conscience, and pointed him to the CROWN OF LIFE, purchased for him on the Cross by his Saviour, which he was losing by his wilful choice of evil.

THE WEST

Still Hustling.

Major Bennett's

Straight-to-the-Point Notes

THEN WITH

WONDERFUL FACTS.

MIRACLES OF GRACE—OH, THOSE EGGS—RAKED UP JOHN BAPTIST AND WESLEY—KEEWATIN MILLS SLICE WOOD LIKE CHEESE.

RAT PORTAGE.—I have just spent a Saturday, Sunday and Monday at this corps. I found that the Army has got a good foothold here, and that ENSIGN SMITH and CADET CAMPBELL have the salvation of the people at heart. God has already given them a goodly number of souls.

THE first convert was a notorious sinner, well-known in the town, whom I saw, and who gave his experience several times during my visit. He is truly a bright and shining light for God in this place. Soon after getting saved himself, he brought his son and daughter to the 7 a.m. knees-drill, where they got blessedly saved. ANOTHER convert and his wife were backsliders, but they have sought that which they had lost, and found it, to the joy of their hearts; now both of them are rejoicing. Praise God. He receiveth sinners still. They were at nearly all the meetings, and both in song and testimony, witnessed to the saving power of God.

Another brother came to the meeting worse for drink, and finished up crying for salvation. He has given up the pipe and tobacco, and comes to the open-air and indoor meetings. In some of the testimonies I heard him give, he said he was glad he had joined the Salvation Order, and it was a good order, and he invited others to join the same order.

THE week-end I spent here was a blessed time to my soul. I was delighted at what the Lord had done. The converts spoke and sang well, and exhibited a great desire to see souls saved. In the open-air we had splendid crowds gather round the rink, who listened to the words of life with great attention. The outdoor meetings were held in front of the largest hotel in the town.

ALL Sunday's meetings we had good order, and much interest and conviction. In the afternoon we had a large crowd, and at night the large hall was filled and packed. The meeting was a most impressive one. God's Spirit was dealing with the hearts of the people. It was plain, deep conviction could be seen in the faces of many on one. A large number stayed to the prayer meeting, and the converts worked and prayed for the salvation of souls. We had a tough fight, but presently one woman came out, and cried to God for mercy. It was the wife of our first convert. When she got through, both her and her husband glorified God together. Soon afterwards, two more came for salvation, who, I hope, will make hallelujah notes, to spread salvation throughout the land. This made three souls for the day, and many went away deeply convicted of a great load of sin.

MONDAY, while the officers were preparing dinner at the Quarters, our first convert came along with a man who wanted to be saved, so we all went down before God, and prayed for him, and in a short time he said that God had saved him. After we got off our knees, the Cadet brought about the eggs which had been boiling all the time for dinner, and found they had been boiling about fifteen minutes. Eggs were forgotten when a soul was to be saved, as the salvation of souls is the first thing with a Salvationist. Monday night after a march, we had another open-air in front of the large hotel, and had a splendid crowd, when, after several

testimonies and a solo, the Major spoke, and after lifting up Jesus Christ as the only Saviour, said some people did not see why we should come into the open-air, some went even so far as to say that it was not scriptural, but he said that John the Baptist came crying in the wilderness, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Christ preached the sermon on the mount, and the Covenanters, Free Kirk folks, Wesley, Whitfield, and others all talked and sang, and prayed in the open air. After this we had a collection, and the people threw two dollars and thirty cents on the drum, which had kindly been lent us by the town band for a new drum for the corps. Inside we had a full house and one soul. All Sunday's converts were there in good spirits.

THE officers have just started house-keeping. Many of the kind friends have sent along furnishings, etc., and there are still a few articles wanted, also some little cash to pay for a stove, etc., which the officers will be grateful for. The prospects here are very good, and God is working mightily with this people.

KEEWATIN.—The Rat Portage officers and myself were taken over to this place by Brother Walsh and his son, who are both converts.

After doing a little business, and having supper at some friends' house, we proceeded to the Presbyterian church, which had been kindly lent to us for the night by the trustees; the minister also had been kind enough to announce the same. We had a fair crowd; the attendance would have been much better if it had not been wet, but as it was, everything went off well.

We had three of our Rat Portage converts over, who spoke of the great love of God and His power and willingness to save from a life of sin. Great interest was manifested in the Army and its work, and a good collection was given.

The following morning I visited the great flour mill, which belongs to the Lake of the Woods Company, and which is the largest flour mill in Canada. The chief miller took great pains to show Ensign Smith and myself around from top to bottom. This mill grinds and ships two thousand barrels of flour a day, or about thirteen cars full. There are about eighty men working here, some of whom I hope, will one day be Salvation Army soldiers.

Lieutenant Campbell, who has just been promoted, sold quite a number of War Cry's here. I was able to arrange for us to have meetings at this place. May God save all the sinners there. There are also some great sawmills, which employ a number of hands. I never saw wood cut up so easy. They do it with the very latest machinery, and slice up a log as quickly and as easy as cutting cheese.

All these mills are run with water power; water is very plentiful here. We hope to be able to show them a greater power than water—the love of God, and also tell them and get them to the blood that can wash away sin, which water never could do.

SELKIRK.—I was conveyed here by cars, stage and ferry, and found the officer expecting a good time at the meeting.

We had a fine number at the open-air; a big crowd of eager listeners and some fiery testimonies, which went to the hearts of the listeners. Indoors the hall was nearly full, and much conviction was visible. Several of our soldiers are going fishing on Lake Winnipeg from this corps in a few days. May God bless them and make them a great power for God, and I pray while they are having good catches of white fish, the officers may have a big catch of black sinners. The blood can wash white.

H. B.

Some Sundays ago, the lesson at a certain New Zealand Junior Corps was about the feeding of the 5,000, and one little girl was much struck with the fact that twelve baskets were gathered when the multitude had partaken. "Mother," the little one said while at tea the same evening, "I was just thinking it must have been very stale bread they had to feed the 5,000 with, for it to make so many crumbs."

SPOUTS,

From an Old Grampus.

(Continued.)

WHY, there are men in this forecastle who would wait upon a sick shipmate as tenderly as a woman for a whole watch, and then go on deck and fight the elements for another watch, and, if occasion required it, they would not hesitate to leap into danger, and even death, in discharge of duty, or in order to save life. Of course they will growl a bit sometimes, sailors are built that way, they cannot help it.

THERE is a story of a Captain in England who once, when engaging a crew, offered two dollars and a half extra per month to men who would sign not to growl. The first who came up to sign was a rather ancient-looking mariner with a beard like a lump of tangled gulf-weed. The captain asked him how he wished to sign, whether it should be twelve and a half dollars and growl, or fifteen dollars and no growling. The old fellow looked wistfully at the captain, for he coveted the extra pay; but after a moment's reflection he blurted out, "Giv' me twelve dollars and half and

Let Me Growl Some

"cos if I don't I'll bust sure." I won't vouch for the truth of this yarn. It may be what a marling gentleman calls a "twister." I simply give it as I heard it twenty odd years ago. Neither do I infer that my shipmates are anything like the old salt; oh, no! not by any means. But in their bad condition, they can no more help doing what they call "stap up," than the earth can help revolving on its axis. They growl in obedience to a law in their members, due to dissatisfaction, owing to the absence of Christ in their life, who alone can satisfy the human heart. My earnest, fervent prayer is that they may be reproved of sin and of judgment by the Holy Spirit, and led to seek pardon and peace with God, by hearing the precious word of Christ, sprinkled upon the hutes of their hearts by faith, for that has never yet failed to make even the fondest sinner.

ON BOARD this noble ship, the Spirit of the dear Saviour is slowly but surely leavening the lump, and souls are being born into the Kingdom.

A little group of God's children are rejoicing that they are counted worthy to lift up and manifest Christ to their beloved shipmates. With Christ in the vessel they can smile at the storm, and with His dear Spirit abiding in their souls, they smile at the storms of misunderstanding and opposition, believing that our Almighty Jesus is not only able to keep us without sin, but He is able to give us the souls we so earnestly hunger after.

AUX.
H. M. S. S. the "Empress of China."

"Go it, George,"

—SAID THE DEVIL—

"I'll Stand by You."

"Three years ago I came near taking my last jump. I didn't have any money, so I had to beat a ride on the railway coming from Windsor. I got on the train to Fargo. I intended to jump when she slowed off near the station, but it was high the end of me. The Devil said, 'Go it, George, I'll stand by you.' I must have lit on a switch, for when I came to I was

Cut up Cruel.

I managed to land my head up somehow, but it took me from five in the morning till eleven to crawl in the little bit of distance to the town to a doctor."

"I had drank a good bit, and travelled about, seeking pleasure, but I took to going to the Army to hear the band, for I knew I was out of the little bit of distance to the town to a doctor."

"The Spirit of God began to strive with me. I knew I was doing wrong. Conviction worked on me till it got right down to my pocket. When I had

a bottle of whiskey, I kept it hid there, so I says to my woman, 'I've taken my last drink.'
"Oh, you've taken your last drink so often," she laughed kind of doubtful.

"But I'd smashed the bottle, and instead of going to the hotel I entered straight for the Army."

"Better Surrender To-Night."

Cadet said, (he'd spoken to me before.) I felt I had given up all, and I wanted to have God within me. "He saved me as I rose to my feet so go forward, and I enjoyed myself more since than I'd done in all the fourteen years since I left home, and my little 'un, he was just delighted, for he loves the Army."

HOLINESS SONGS.

Tune—"Praise." B. J. No. 149;
"Brethren dear," B. R. No. 2.

Lord, give us more soul-saving love,
Send a revival from above,
Thy mighty Spirit pour,
The Army of Salvation bless,
And keep it full of holiness,
Pressed down and running o'er.

With living breath dead souls awake,
Dry bones in every valley shake
And make the dead alive,
More soul-converting soldiers raise,
And with a great salvation bless,
O—J, Thy work revive.

Spread Calvary's great salvation
fame,
Make every tongue a living flame,
Soul-saving truth inspire,
With real inflame Thy fighting host,
Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,
And set us all on fire.

Give power to speak Thy conquering
word,
To wield the Spirit's two-edged
sword.

With fire hell's legions rout;
Now, with the seraph's living coal
Kindle a fire in every soul
That never will go out.

THE LATE COL. PEARSON.

Tune—"I am coming, Lord." B. J.
55, or "Nay, but I yield," B. J. 80.

Thy fire oh Lord, we crave,
Sweet, sacred fire of love;
This, only this, will satisfy
As Heavenward we move.

Chorus.

Make us more like Thee,
Fill us with Thy love;
Let Thy Spirit now descend
In showers from above!

We want to seek the lost,
Be channels of Thy power;
Weak "earthen vessels" filled with
Thee—

And used each passing hour.
Take us, though "broken reeds";
Mould us and make anew;
From self set free, oh, may we be
Clothed in Thy righteousness!

Thus let our lives be spent,
In love each day for Thee;
Keep us and use us for Thy own,
Till soon Thy face we see!

HOLINESS SOLO.

Tune: "Oh, what peace my Saviour
gives!" ("B. J. No. 183, 3.)
When the cross Thou hast met me carry
Scanned to pierce my very soul,
Then I shrank and lost the blessing,
Slipped from Thy Divine control.

Chorus.

Now I want to follow Thee,
For I cannot walk alone;
Lord, my future choose for me,
Nevertheless I'll seek my own.

Sad and weary with my wandering
In this dark, self-chosen way;
Lord, I come and crave forgiveness,
Help me walk with Thee, I pray.

Lord, I thank Thee for Thy goodness,
In revealing to my heart
That my way met end in failure,
If from Thee I choose to part.

In the future help me follow
In the path marked out by Thee;
Since my own strength is all weak-
ness,
Oh, reveal Thy power in me!

The Commandant, Headquarters' Staff, Major Jewer, and Toronto Salvationists — AT — VICTORIA PARK ON QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Two Witnesses from the British Farm Colony Testify—Two
Good and Solid Meetings Held.

"OUR SOVEREIGN" Lady, Queen Victoria, any time continue to bless her!

HER 74th birthday was celebrated in a variety of ways by the citizens of Toronto. No small proportion of said ways featured with a strong flavor of the natural man's god, viz.—SILENCE.

THE ARMY went in for recreation, too. It sought the soft sylvan charms of Victoria Park, situated east of the city, by Lake Ontario's shore, and there, in God's cathedral, its warriors inhaled God's fresh air, while they drank of the living water that flows from the throne of God, viz., Mount Calvary.

TORONTO'S SALVATIONISM, speaking generally, was there. Major Jewer, the P. S. of the Central Ontario Province, was organizer of the day's outing. Headquarters' Staff Band appeared in new white tunics, and rendered good music of noble tone. The Commandant, fraternal and merry, then earnest, led on the two gatherings in capital style, while Colonel Holland, always bright and cheery, ably seconded.

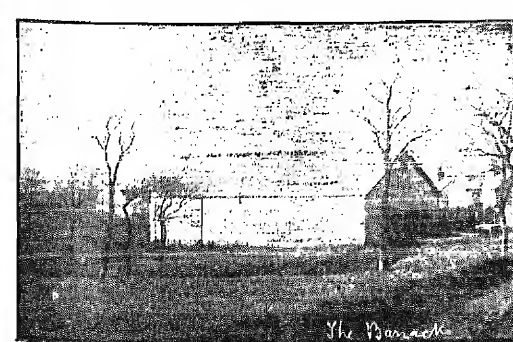
TOWARDS THE FOOT of the hill, a stretch of canvas was knuckled from tree to tree to form a luck wall. Within the enclosure thus made, the soldiers and public seated themselves tier on tier, amply in the fashion. A most delightful arrangement for Salvation Army operations. The opportunities and advantages offered us for open-air work this summer-time should be seized by our people throughout the territory. It is a very useful as well as literal treading in the footsteps of Jesus.

EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON meeting, two comrades, hailing from the English Farm Colony at Hadleigh, were brought to the front by the Commandant. They are both fine, sturdy, healthy-looking men, a good way ahead of the immigrants now arriving from across the Atlantic and Canada (or any other country) may be thankful if she gets such a type of man on her soil through General Booth's Colony Scheme as are these.

"SOLO! SOLO! SOLO!" was the cry as these worthy comrades appeared.

COLONIST No. 1 responded to the call with a voice of that pathetic quality:

"I have heard of a Saviour's love,
But oh, is it anywhere said
He languished and suffered for me?"



The Barracks on the British Social Farm, where our comrades got saved.

Then he said it was the first time he had spoken in Canada—in public. He thanked God and General Booth for ever establishing such a place as the Farm Colony. He didn't know much about Canada's needs, but England needed just such a place. If ever there was a chap laid up, he was that one at the time he met the Army. He was not ashamed to confess it. She had brought him down, three and a half years ago in London, he met the Army. Two years ago he knelt at the post-tent-form at Hadleigh Farm Colony and gave God his heart. He was stronger in the faith to-day than ever.

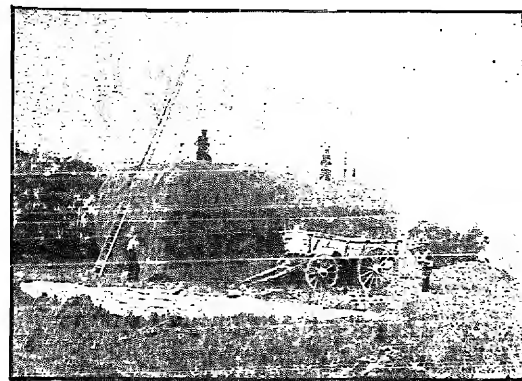
COLONIST No. 2 gave an equally satisfactory account of himself. He was very glad, he said, that over he



THE SYRAN JOINTLY WORKS, at the Hadleigh Farm Colony, England.

went to the Farm Colony. At that time he was regularly doing up. The first job he got was wheeling bricks, and a nice mess he made of it, but he worked his way up, till finally they asked him to come to Canada. He had left a lot of old friends and found a lot of new ones here. He also was stronger in the faith than ever.

OUR TORONTO people easily responded to the Commandant's request for a volley for these comrades. We were all interested in seeing the work of men the English Colony can turn out, and our verdict is, "They'll do." God bless the Social Reform Wing!



Stacking Hay at the Hadleigh Farm Colony.

THEN CAME SHOTS from our Toronto Orphan in rapid succession, notably one from Liverpoolian, who came out here not a regenerated man, but a sin-victim seeking to escape sin by getting away from his old sinful companions. Instead of his Canadian surroundings making him better, he got worse. He well remembers when

He said: "The guilty had mercy at Heaven's Throne."

SPEAKING of the material versus the spiritual, or true riches. Riches consist not in what you can grasp with your hand, but that satisfying portion which the heart grasps.

IF MAY be when the son of your life shines the brightest, when the son of life is without a ripple, that your hour may come, for in such an hour as you think not, the Son of Man cometh.

SUCH were some of the truths delivered by the Commandant to the visitors to Victoria Park.

The Dawn of Conviction.

(See frontispiece.)

It is darkness indeed when the soul seeks satisfaction in the sinful amusements of this world. This darkness is gross darkness when the individual never had a ray of light penetrating it to allow the slightest apprehension of the light. The devil does not like the sinner to stop and think. He is ever urging his slaves on from pleasure to pleasure, from sin to sin. Look at the gamblers! The passion for playing has taken possession of every faculty of their mind. Headless of time, drinking, smoking, cursing, they play on the fascinating game. Each one is bent on winning; it is selfishness asserting itself in the strongest form. Hell is reigning over the scene, for there is great joy in the pit over every prodigal.

But Jesus lives! Perhaps a sorrowful mother or a starving wife is at the same moment on her knees beseeching Heaven with her prayers and tears. Yes, Jesus does answer prayers. The prayer of faith is the Divine Order to the Angel of Conviction. Through the darkness of selfish enjoyments breaks a faint glimmer into Jack's heart. It dawns on him that there is a nobler purpose of life and with that comes a sickening feeling of his sin and shame. Yes, there is a crown for dark to win!

How often does conviction seize the sinner and how seldom is it heedful sufficiently?

Turn, sinner, while the Dawn has come! Turn, and your sorrow will be turned to joy. The past, with its defects and defilements, can be obliterated and the dawn of conviction will be the herald of the glorious day with the sun of righteousness shining upon your life, which will bear forth good fruit and at the end receive the Crown of Eternal Life.

HELP TO UPLIFT THE FALLEN

BY JOINING

The S. A. S. L.

Terms Moderate.

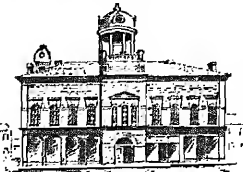
THE WAR CRY.

THE CLASSIC CITY — OF — STRATFORD on AVON

"We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen."—SHAKESPEARE.



SUPPOSING "THE INNOCENT WILLIAM" could once more walk the green earth to-day, with what pride the people of Stratford might take him to view their stirring little city! With what astonishment the great thinker would pace the macadamised streets, shadowed now beneath soft foliage masses of maples, elms, and willows! Through every ward he might wander and read the familiar names of his own brain-created characters: "Romeo," "Flagstaff," "Hamlet," these and others would stare at him in shining letters on every side. Bewilderment would fall upon him at the wonders of the onward march of the centuries in our new world like in this unknown continent of the West.

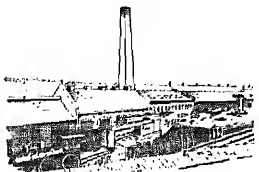


STRATFORD TOWN HALL.

But the astonishment of our visitor surely would culminate within the stupendous pile of buildings of the

Grand Trunk Locomotive Works.

The great Ironworking Shops, with a weekly output of \$15,000; where the snorting monsters run in like stabled iron steeds, to undergo various treatment from the ponderous machinery—engine-worked; with an average number of from six to eight hundred men, amongst whom we find our countrymen, and some of our soldiers (And what, by the way, would the Bard of Avon think of the Stratford Army?)



G.T.R. WORK SHOPS, STRATFORD.

APART from this leading feature of Stratford's industrial life, it is pre-eminently a RAILWAY CITY. One glance at the map will show its favored position, almost equidistant from the three great lines, the focussing point of a very net-work of iron road-ways, with their

Spider-Like Ramifications

connecting with the lake-paths, and huge centres, and on the main highway to the great North West.

It might be instructive to search into the causes that excite the disastrous spirit of intemperance between master and man from our fair Dominion, but we must content ourselves with the happy fact.

STRATFORD possesses the ELEMENTS OF STABILITY and progressiveness. Whilst in its gradual development it has never rejoiced in a boom, it has neither suffered from a ruinous relapse. It is blessed not only as an agricultural success, but as a manufacturing place also. With a soil second to none in fertility, it has a market full of the choicest products of the dairy, farm, and garden. The death-rate is said to be lower than in any city of the Dominion.



G. T. R. WORKS, STRATFORD.

All day one hears the pleasant noise of tugging hammers and ringing tools, mingled with the steady traffic to and fro from mills and factories, foundries, and workshops. The

Flax, Flour, and Cheese

establishments all tell their story of the country, whilst most interesting is the enterprise of the Honey-bee Hodge Company, proposed to supercede in days to come the meagre and cumbersome snake-fences that weary the eye once accustomed to the sweet hedges of rural England.

THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL was the first frame-house here, built in the woods in 1832; and the forerunner of the handsome churches was nothing but a little log schoolhouse.

Our Cathedral in the Classic City.

OPEN-AIR WARFARF is most attractive in this season of luxuriant spring-time, with its vivid pictorial teaching of boundless love, when rejoicing creation is "girded with green and clothed with a glory of bud and of blossom," when one stands in awe before the miracle of life.

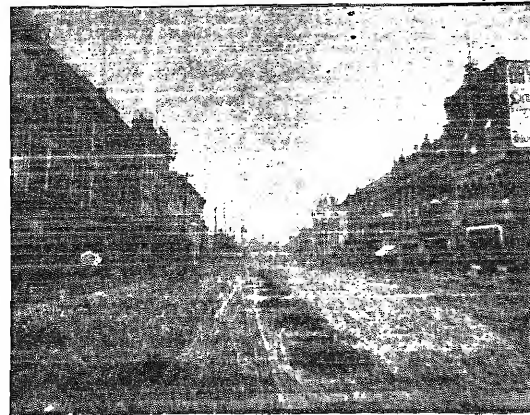


VICTORIA LAKE AND RIVER AVON.

"WHAT AN IMAGINATION GOD HAS!" one repeats with the great Poet-Laureate, in thankful reverence and delight, enshrined on every hand with the rampant liveliness of leafy green, and showy bloom.

WHAT WONDER if the Army-loving hole hung back from bestowing themselves within the four walls of our barracks, after working all day, maybe in the closed-up space of the G. T. R. workshops, and the dust of persistent wheels of revolving machinery.

But the outside air is pure, and the evening hush inviting on the broad streets beneath the shade trees. Then



MAIN STREET, STRATFORD.

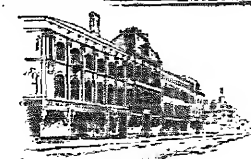


CAPT. GRACE MACKENZIE AND HER LIEUTENANT WHEN AT INGERSOLL.

even the frequenters of the close saloon are lured by the drum to lounge along the board-walk and listen to the story of the Cross, the song of a mother's forgotten prayers, or the testimony of the knowledge of a Saviour—mighty to break the most cruel

Sin-Fetters Forged in Hell.

Beautiful, and full of grace and feeling are our open-air rings in Stratford, in spite of a distracting element in the shape of a gentleman in blue.



DOWNIE ST., STRATFORD.

What could a stranger do but open wide eyes to blank incredulity, and wonder indeed, if we were drifting back through time to the dark ages and the Shakespearean period?

But the fact remains that our open-air crowds were hustled about and broken up each night by a constable, or the Chief of Police, who strode to and fro amongst inoffensive listeners, shoving them along off the sidewalk, with a tedious

"Move on - You Can't Block up the Way."

even on a thoroughfare one hundred feet in width.

"MOVE ON," repeats the deity to the whole Salvation Army; and we SHALL move on—move in the eternal principles of God's Almighty Government we shall storm the forts of darkness—bring them down, down, down!

"MOVE ON!" urges the constraining love of Christ within our conscience, as we gaze, pity-stirred, upon hurried eyes that answer ours, and tell of souls still tortured with the lash of remorse unremoved, and letters unopened.

YES, MOVE ON, STRATFORD COMRADES! Your blood-stained banner must never droop! ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS NAME!

"Faithful John," of Stratford Fame.

"Yes, I've had a good day today; every day is good. I've had good days right along ever since I got converted, over ten years ago. I was saved at home. My mother was always a good-living Methodist, at Mitchell, and I had been trained to Sunday-school.



CAPT. MACKENZIE, OF STRATFORD.

"I had been under conviction all one week, and God's Holy Spirit had been striving with me. Then on the Sunday it seemed like a new world—everything was new. I felt new, new feelings.

New Duties.

It was just in springtime. I remember, the trees were budding, and oh, it all seemed so nice! I felt everything belonged to God, and I belonged to God. I thought how foolish it was I had let myself be so long before.

"Then then I've been going right forward, although I am sorry to say I have not done all I might, could, or should have done. I have been working with the express to and fro between the station, taking the mail I like, and the Salvation Army there at Mitchell. I heard them on the march singing

Sacred Words to Send Tunes.

Well, somehow, I couldn't keep away. Something seemed to say, 'That's your place' and though I've had some trials and hard fighting as a soldier, I've always felt that the Army was nearest to the army and I could find, and I have never gone back as anything but has called me to do in the Army. It was a little

hard to put on uniform victory.



STRATFORD PO.

As to sanctification, one would that they seeking that others perceive that I had I wasn't doing all I could, and I went times. I was not do for God, although much tempted to go I had been at my

Expressing Six

I began to get the story of it, so I can for a change.

"The devil tempts me to get discouraged, a bit sour and gloom. 'When you killing yourself when there are so few believe the devil hate cause of its purity, he makes me half-hearted in prayer. I have not by God's grace to be



GENERAL HOSPITAL.

"Faithful John" I got the name, I thought officers called me that it seemed to stick; even it up.

"Angels Bri"

It was one of our comrades who slowly fro with an air of snail once one would think legs of Jordan were as he glanced back of of toll, hand in hand band, till the farm was forest gone, and the angels' little day close wards the eventide.

"It's two years now band died, but an angel first. One night in Mary, he said, 'are you see anything?' "But when I looked, was a light in the window golden light, but the rays you see anything?"

"I see a light, that he said no more, I sleep again. "In the morning he was

An Angel Through Window

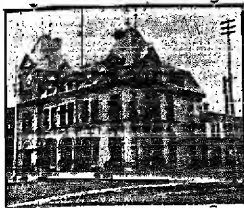
He saw it plainly, but was for him, not me.



PERTH COUNTY B.

THE WAR CRY.

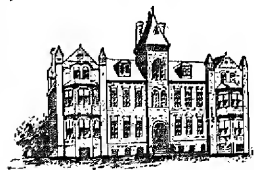
hard to put on uniform, but I got the victory.



STRATFORD POST OFFICE.

As to sanctification I felt after I was saved that there was something lacking that others had in their experience that I hadn't. I felt as if I wasn't doing all I might do for the people, and I went forward several times. I was not doing all I might do for God, although I was never much tempted to go after the world. I had been as my business.

Expressing Sixteen Years,
and I began to get tired of the monotony of it, so I came to Stratford for a change.
"The devil tempts me sometimes to get discouraged a bit. He'll whisper now and then, 'What's the use of you killing yourself with that cornet when there are so few to help, but I believe the devil hates the Army because of its purity, and so he tries to make us half-hearted. But I believe in prayer. I have made up my mind by God's grace to be true to the end.'



GENERAL HOSPITAL, Stratford.

"Thankful John! I don't know I got the name. I think one of the officers called me that first and then it seemed to stick; everybody picked it up.

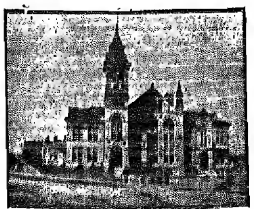
"Angels Bright"

It was one of our STRATFORD comrades who slowly picked himself up with an air of such gentle confidence one would think the evil swellings of Jonathan were already past, as she glanced back over a long file of beds, laid in hand with her husband, till the form was cleared, the forest gone, and the shadows of earth's little day closing fast in towards the eventide.

"It's two years now since my husband died, but an angel came to warn him first. One night he woke me up, 'Mury,' he said, 'are you sleeping? No you see anything?'"
"But when I looked, all I could see was a light in the window, a sort of golden light, but the room was dark."
"Do you see anything?" he asked me.
"I see a light, that's all."
"He said no more, and I went to sleep again."
"In the morning he told me there was

An Angel There at the Window.

He saw it plainly, but I couldn't. It was for him, but me.



TENTH COUNTY BUILDINGS.

"Soon after our little boy fell sick and died. I'm going to follow him soon, my husband told me, and so he did. He is safe in Heaven, and he was one of the first converts in Stratford, when Captain Goodall was there."

"Screw Your Courage to the Sticking-Place and You'll not Fail."

—Slakepore.

TEN YEARS ON THE DEVIL'S TRACK WITH THE WAR CRY.

CAPTAIN GRACE MACKENZIE, in charge of Stratford, belongs by birth to the land of the teal, and loyal and true indeed, she has proved herself to the best welfare of her adopted country.

"Like the War Cry?" she exclaimed in answer to the inquiry. "I LOVE IT! For ten whole years I've read it, and never missed one copy. I'd miss it more than my porridge if I had to do without it. I think I'd die without the War Cry now."



THE CLASSIC CITY MILLS.

"You've sold a good many, too — haven't you?"

"I've sold them every week for the last ten years, except for a while when I was working at the desk, and one or two odd times. 'Oh, I could tell you

Some Comical Yarns

about 'Cry' selling—but I'm afraid you'd print them!"
Here our Scotch lassie, with her frank, boufy face, and two eyes with laughter hidden in them, burst into such a point of merriment that even the sparrow outside chirped in, too, for pure fun.

"Oh, no—tell us!"
"Oh, I couldn't!" and another outbreak of amusement bubbled over, so contagious that one almost felt like shouldering a bundle of 'Crys and starting off to see if one could not hit in some enjoyment too.



STRATFORD FLAX MILLS.

"Yes, I've always enjoyed it thoroughly," she continued, more soberly. "I don't believe in going about like

A Rat with a Tear in Its Eye.

Do you? and I've never had to lower my 'Crys' in any place I've been to yet. I was so innocent at it when I began, but I used to start out blind to sell those 'Crys' under my arm, and I would pray about it as I went along the street. You want to commence with a spirit of determined resolution. You mustn't have any pride, and you must put all your shy feelings on one side. I've never once been insulted, in the very roughest places, although the lads have cracked their jokes now and then. I've never faced defeat. You must know how to take a joke, and keep sweet-tempered, and not answer surly, or be too pernickety or starchy.

"I FIND IT PAYS when the new War Cry comes in on a Wednesday, to give up the whole afternoon to it, and read it right through. Ah! I know all that's in it—from Territorial Tunes to songs, and advertisements. Then I can tell the people just what's there, especially if there are any pictures of their old officers, or anything about anyone they know."

"You want to go ahead fearlessly, and tackle everybody everywhere,

and spread the 'Cry' out before them, and open it, and talk about it. It doesn't do to take every 'no' for answer."

"One of our Cadets went to a group of men with her bundle, but I saw they didn't buy any, so I went to them myself."

"Now, you kids ought to have taken a 'Cry' from that bundle, and you know you ought!" I said, seriously. "Well, she

Didn't Stay Long Enough"

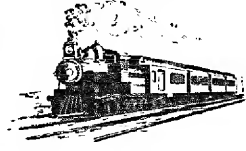
they grumbled, and then they bought several of mine. I've always found it so. You mustn't stand back for a sixth or two. You must know how to take it. I laugh and say, 'Well, well, I never expected that from YOU!' and then the others laugh, and fork out their five cents; it's ever so much better than getting cross, or surly, or snarley. I like selling War Crys because I feel I'm selling them for God. So much depends on the way you approach people. You have to go as if you were proud of the War Cry, then you can go safely into the worst districts, and any or no name. Then the Lord will cause your righteousness to shine as the moonlight, in spite of

Jim Slick or Jerusalem Yarn.

"I like Saturday evenings among the men in the hotels for selling here. If you can get one to start the rest follow, but whatever they say, one must keep sweet-tempered, and be civil and polite, then you find they are always the same to you."

"But I believe in pushing the principles of the 'Cry' everywhere, as well as among the toughs and saloon-people. I believe in thoroughly canvassing the town. I visit the Mayors, the Councillors, the Jailer, and the M. P.'s—one here gives me twenty-five cents a number. I have been through the trains calling 'War Cry,' and selling to the conductor himself. Oh, and the editors—especially the editors! I like to exchange with them, and I always find such a spirit of willingness to help among the people of the press in Canada. I ask them to insert extracts I cut out of the 'Cry,' and to advertise special meetings for us—it helps so much."

"I like to take the 'Cry' when I go visiting, too—it's such a splendid introduction to new houses. It's so easy to begin a parley-vois with it. Oh, I should almost die without the 'Cry.' We sell eighty-sometimes a hundred here in Stratford."



The Drayton Advocate Tells of Army Affairs.

MR. HUGH McPHERSON, better known as Scotty the painter, who has been leading a debauched and dissipated life for several years, accidentally strayed into the Salvation Army barracks the week before last and, notwithstanding the fact his being under the influence of liquor at the time, saw the awfulness of his spiritual condition and there and then decided to change his mode of living and in answer to fervent petitions for the forgiveness of his numerous and repeated transgressions was released, and now Scotty is the leading spirit of the corps at Drayton. He can speak fluently, sing harmoniously and beat the snare drum scientifically. He is a perfectly changed man, and if the Army does no more than redeem Scotty from the life he has been living the past few years it will be well repaid for the efforts put forth.

LOOK OUT FOR PARTICULARS ** ABOUT THE

—S. A. S. L.

Terms of Membership: Section I, \$5; Section II, \$2; Section III, \$1.



STRATFORD COURT HOUSE AND COUNTY BUILDINGS.

RE-TOLD,

And Worth it.

Faugh.

A WORDY YOUTH, who wished to say that Scotch people take only a light meal after the Sunday afternoon meeting, declared that they "postpone more serious gastronomic exercises until after the discharge of their spiritual duties."

Pardon, Monsieur.

Two officers were selling the 'Cry' in a Brussels cafe where a little girl was making flowers. The proprietor chased the child out, but let the officers remain. "Partially!" cried a gentleman, scurrying up. "Pardon!" said the proprietor, "I know what I am about, monsieur; these girls are Salvationists. I could have my cafe alone with them, and they would never touch a thing."

'Na, Na.'

A chestnut turns up again in the English papers—"After a charity sermon in Edinburgh one of the emigration, by accident, put a crown piece in the plate instead of a penny, and, starting back at its white and precious face, asked to have it back. But he who held the plate said, 'In once, in for ever.' 'Aweel, aweel!' grunted the unwilling giver, 'I'll get credit for it in heaven.' 'Na, na,' said the collector, 'ye'll only get credit for the penny.'"

The Social Again.

A poor fellow went to see Colonel Barker the other day. "What can you do for me?" said he. "I have been spending twenty-one years in prison, save only the briefest periods of liberty. Jail has no terrors for me while I am in London. I shall be 'cracking a crib,' or taking an old bloke's watch the same as I did a short time ago. If I don't get out of this infernal place at once, I can't do right in London." Commissioner Cudman has taken the man in hand, and has sent him out of the metropolis.

Ingersoll Not Appreciated.

A FRIEND in St. John, N. B., has sent the following clipping from the St. John's Daily Record, May 7th. We pass it on to our readers, as it hits the target in the centre:

"Robert G. Ingersoll is lecturing in Bangor, Maine, and charges his auditors 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1 for admission. The Salvation Army is lecturing all over the world and its doors are open to every wayfarer that cares to enter. The man without a draught in his pocket is as welcome as the millionaire. Among people of equal society and financial rank, Mr. Ingersoll may be an excellent neighbor and friend, but that is not all that is required of men in his position. No credit attaches to the bestowal of kindnesses on those who are able and are expected to return them. During the past year the Salvation Army has furnished meals to 2,482,962 poor persons at from half a cent to eight cents a meal, and auditions at from two to twelve cents a night to 1,087,658 people. When Mr. Ingersoll and his followers do this, or one-tenth of this, the world will have good reason to think better of him and his opinions."

OUR MESSAGE IS JESUS. Our specific, our cure-all, our mission, our claim, our call, our main-spring—Jesus, and Him alone.

"We Preach Jesus."

Jesus—in the Public-houses; Jesus in the Slum; Jesus—on the Highways; Jesus—in the great Congregation; Jesus—in the Prisons; Jesus—on the Seas; Jesus—among the Everlasting Snows; Jesus—under the Southern Cross; Jesus—in the Islands of the Seas; Jesus—in the Indian Jungles, and Villages and crowded Markets; Jesus—among the Lepers; Jesus—among the Zulus. Jesus is the Song we sing to the dying, Cholera-stricken Heathen. Jesus is the One we proclaim to the Lonely, in the Solitary, to the Heart-broken, and to the Homeless. JESUS—THE SAVIOUR FOR TIME, AND THE POOR SINNER'S ONLY HOME FOR ETERNITY.

Thank God, I say. Hallelujahs to Him Who is worthy. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost! THIS IS THE MISSION OF THE SALVATION ARMY. These are its Doctrines; here is the Foundation-stone of all its Principles—the Secret of all its Successes—in a word, The Bleeding Lamb. — W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and amelioration of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

THE GENERAL'S HEALTH.

COMRADES who have been alarmed at the newspaper notices of the General's ill health will be glad to know that there are no grounds for serious apprehension. The General runs in his work at such a pace, particularly during the last few months, in which he has been conducting a series of huge British campaigns, that kindly nature's warnings have to be heeded sometimes to avoid precipitating himself quite over the edge of the precipice.

This evidently did nearly occur at the great London campaign recently. Continue to pray for him. He has some unusually big and important matters under consideration at present which affect the Army, especially in India, after which comes the campaign programme for Africa, Australia and India. He needs all this grace, wisdom and strength his soldiers can pray down on him.

CANADA'S COMMISSIONERS.

The Commandant, we are glad to observe, if not in robust health is in excellent spirits and full of faith. He has a splendid full-up programme of work before him extending right away to the fall, and taking in the farthest extremities of his immense territory, as well as much campaigning nearer home. Keep up the praying comrades. If we get the Army and War part and hold our Commissioners up by prayer and faith we shall share in the final reward.

AT HONG KONG.

Our Foreign Mission work goes on apace, and yet no faster than need be. The cause is, for instance, at the same time as we learn how that the General has decided China to be opened comes a letter from an Auxiliary who has just returned from Hong Kong stating that a grand Salvation Army work is being done in that distant city, although unofficial, and during the last three weeks twenty souls have been saved. Wo may Hallelujah! God speed the Army's work in China. Now, young men, are you ready?

ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER

AT TORONTO TEMPLE.

The - Commandant - Leads - on.

Good Crowd Present—Blessed Meeting—11 Seekers for Holiness.

ABOUT 250 PEOPLE assembled for the all night of prayer at the Temple on Tuesday, led by the Commandant. From the very first there was no lack of responses, and after the first song, commencing

"All things are possible to him Who can in Jesus' name believe,"

came a storm of intercession, ejaculation, petition and response. No "awkward gaps" were left by the praying people. The interest was sustained throughout; indeed the spiritual atmosphere waxed warmer as we went along, and attained its maximum, perhaps, after the ELEVEN SELECTIONS had bowed at the mercy seat and the all-over-the-place testifying began.

ENSIGN AYRE'S arrangements with refreshments were good and very opportune.

JOHN III. 14 furnished the Commandant with a foundation for his address, which, as usual, was full of inner-kernal truth.

The Lord

is to be lifted up in our lives, the Commandant again and again emphasized by various presentations of the fact. "Jesus Christ is looking for men," he declared, "He is looking for men whom He can form Himself."

Some Points in the Address.

"THERE is nothing on God's earth so attractive as Jesus Christ. If you lift Him up in your life you will win people to Him."

"WHO are you lifting up? Is it only YOURSELF?" Opening up that passage of Scripture, "God so loved the world that He gave," etc., the Commandant said

OUR PROPER PLACE.

We make no excuse for retreating again to the subject of our open air warfare. Open air fighting is of first importance to us. Its value cannot be over estimated. Like Christianity itself, the Army was born in the open air, and it is in the open air where the greatest triumphs of grace are often accomplished. Definite, soul-saving, open air work will reach the vilest and magnify the grace of Jesus Christ at nothing else will.

SHALL? SHALL!

Salvationists of the Central Ontario Province are no doubt interested in the health of Major Jewer, the I. E. The Major was attacked by the same form of chronic dyspepsia several months ago, and although much better on the whole, is still very poorly. Comrades, "THE PRAYER OF FAITH SHALL SAVE THE SICK."

"Shall?"

"Shall!"

Let us lay hold of the promise unflinchingly and get back the roses to Major Jewer's cheeks and the strength to his frame, that he may have a fair, square go at sin and the devil in his important sphere of labor.

THE SALVATION MILITIA.

We, with pleasure, call attention to Major Jewer's appeal for short service volunteers. Here is a grand chance for those who are unable to leave their home entirely, to spend at least a few full months of active service for Christ. The Major is another salvation hunter, and those who fall into line at his call may expect a dashing, daring, out-and-out, successful campaign.

that giving is the true measure of loving. "There (in giving) is the distinction between the maudlin, sentimental thing sometimes called 'love' and genuine love. Sham love may sing, repeat prayers and attend to the form of religious life around, but it will not give. God so LOVED that He GAVE."

"THERE ARE some wealthy people who say they love God, but ask them for a dollar for God's work and it is like asking for an eye-tooth."

"YOU should give as much as Jesus Christ gave for you, viz., Himself—ALL."

"Jesus Christ came to save. Is that your business?"

"I ask about your life. Does it condemn you?"

"YOU SMOKE. You say it is no harm. I say, 'Does it condemn you?'"

"The uniform? Are you condemned because you refuse to wear it? If salvation means anything it is to be free from condemnation."

"THE EYE was made to take in the light, and your soul to take in the Light of the world. If anything is wrong with your eye, if it be diseased, you can do nothing rather than look at the light of the sun; it is so with a diseased soul."

"LET GO, you can but die, and you will never get saved till you do die."

"AFFLICTIONS are good for us and increase our usefulness. It was while in prison at Neuchâtel that the Marchale wrote the song which has been made a blessing to so many:

"At Thy feet I fall,
Yield Thee up my all."

Brigadier Jacobs, Majors Jewer, Collier, and many others, said excellent things, which lack of space prohibits us passing on to our readers.

OUR JUNIORS.

PALMERSTON JUNIORS did recently what always happens when the Juniors are "looked after"—they helped the Senior Corps.

GOD BLESS those boys and girls who collected the money and purchased the new flag for the adult section of the Corps.

WHEN SOME NEW TACTICS are wanted for the open-air fighting try a carefully-arranged and well-announced Junior's meeting. Captain. As an occasional thing it is of great value.

FOR INSTANCE, supposing the public ceremony of presenting the new colors to the Seniors by the Junior Corps had been planned for a big open-air demonstration, undoubtedly such a thing, well done, would have attracted many people and the story of the children's effort would have touched their hearts, to be followed by repentance and faith—on the spot, let us hope.

BANDMASTER CANTON went specialising from Wingham to Palmerston and did what we wish many others would do, viz., interviewed the C. O. and sent us a short dispatch crammed full of interesting facts of the light, enough to cork-screw a "lullabian" out of the coldest. Thanks, brother Canton. Keep on.

ERRATUM.

Auntie Boyer's picture, last week's Cry, read "near Owen Sound" instead of "Borden"—Ed.

THE S.A.S.L.

Which Section Will You Join?

MRS. BOOTH'S

HAMILTON

Invitation Meeting.

MRS. COMMANDANT BOOTH has recently conducted a very successful meeting at Hamilton. The gathering was by invitation and was to have been held in a friend's drawing-room but this proving too small a part of the I. M. C. A. was offered and thankfully accepted.

About 200 of the elite of Hamilton were present. They received Mrs. Booth most enthusiastically and evidently warmly appreciated her earnest and interesting address on the Army's Social Work.

More Mighty Western Victoria.

KEEWATIN OPENED.

BRANDON, SEVEN SOULS, NEARLY 850 COLLECTIONS—WEEKLY OPENED KEEWATIN TO DAY, OPENING SOURS AND VEIDEN JUNE 9, H. BENNETT, MAJOR.

Headquarters' NEWS NOTES.

THIS IS THE MONTH of progress and attack. The Commandant is away visiting Newmarket, Barrie, Fenelon Falls, Lindsay and Hamilton. On Queen's Birthday we had a glorious time in Victoria Park. See report.

MAJOR COLLIER spent last Sunday at the Temple. Six souls came to the cross.

MAJOR READ and Ensign Ayre had a beautiful time at Simcoe. Fourteen souls was the outcome.

THE STAFF BAND spent last Saturday at Niagara Falls and Sunday and Monday at Buffalo. Their white suits "look" immensely. The result was ten for the knowledge and nine for salvation, including two at the shelter on Monday afternoon.

SOMETHING IMPORTANT in the air! Keep your eyes open for the Social League Scheme.

SOMETHING ELSE IMPORTANT! A wedding at Ottawa! Captain's Pugh and Brake will be there about the 17th of June.

CAPTAIN RITCHIE, of the Social Furn, has received a nice letter from a man living near the Farm thanking Mrs. Booth and the Army Officers for their sympathy in the death of their daughter.

THE TORONTO GLOBE, May 28th, contains a despatch from Windsor, Ont., stating the arrival of the "William Booth," and giving a favorable report of the work. We hear incidentally that the yacht is doing splendid work, running 85 miles and over in one day, easily.

THE WOMAN'S SHELTER next door to the Temple is shifting quarters.

THE FIRST ISSUE of our special North-Western Cry appears on June 22nd.

MAJOR STREETON sails to-morrow for England.

THE STAFF BAND has an invitation to visit Rochester, N.Y., in the near future.

GAZETTE.

Captain Wiggins, Special Work, West Ontario, to be ESQUIRE.
Captain McDonald, Toronto Rescue Work, to be ESQUIRE.
Captain Gifford, Salisbury District, to be ESQUIRE.
Lieutenant Mitchell, Tyron, to be Captain in London.
Lieutenant Stephens, Tyron, to be Captain in London.
Lieutenant Young, Beverham, to be Captain.
Colonel Trevelyan, Glasgow, to be Lieutenant.
Colonel McLeish, Tyron, to be Lieutenant in St. John I.
Colonel Macleod, Tyron, to be Lieutenant in St. John I.
Colonel Webb, Tyron, to be Lieutenant in St. John I.
Bramwell B. Bramwell, Tyron, to be Lieutenant in St. John I.

Foreign

ENGL

QUEEN'S HALL, days with God. Go bravely at the front. FOREIGN SERVICE being selected. GREAT RESCUE at Canton Street. Influential gentlemen. OVER 90 CADET the Grecian "Twenty. MIDNIGHT RESCUE at Islington. Mrs. Ed services. "SHORT SERVICE Commissioner Howden's campaign for giant campaign. Naval and Military held at Plymouth. VATION ARMY Supplied.

S. A. BANK in London. Business increased and working expenses.

MRS. BRAMWELL. Revivalists on through "The Devil's Den" Barrow's long; 26 souls.

UNITED

"THANKSGIVING New York. Several noted. The 5000th noted. 50th Anniversary.

THE COMMANDANT. A couple and 100 offers.

STAFF CAPTAIN. Junior Soldier I. The Commandant. Standard, Canada.

FOR THE TURN. Priest and prayers to the meeting at the STAFF CAPTAIN party on four thirds.

THE CHAIRMAN. season of travel. GREAT CAMP. Blackwood Park, Oak jets announced on.

INDO

WORK started at Ceylon, Staff-Captain and Aurit in charge. Is to work among.

LOVE RATNA. PA. enthusiastic in her STAFF-CAPTAIN three new corps candidates.

TWENTY-SIX. A. operation. Will be. A TEST has been given in the North.

AUSTRI

PERSECUTION. A. EX-CHAMBERLAIN. world, Mr. Edward the flag, through South Australia.

SOCIALISTS at it to take our open defended us.

SOUTH

COMMISSIONER. (al revivals in Trans Free State.

THE SOUTH. AF. result is \$10,000. COMMISSIONER about the neglect.

OTHER CO

COMMISSIONER of Norway, Lil. COLONEL OLIPH. north of Hobart. characters capture.

NEW BUILDING. Helegfors, Finland. GENERAL'S VISIT. posed.

COMMISSIONER. holding marvelous campaign of.

GOD ONLY KNOW. on with a few me. for Mrs.—The Good.

This day I give myself to Thee,
 'Tis all that I can do;
 My body, soul and spirit,
 Oh, search me through and through
 And if there be one sin spot,
 Oh, take it right away,
 In the blood of Christ my Saviour.
 This very, very day.

MRS. A. W. COLLINS.
 Upper Norwood, London, Eng.

Naval Brigade Tactics.

ENGINEER RUSHBROOK FALLS INTO LAKE ERIE.

BUFFALO EXPRESS "ON THE JOB"—
POSSESSING THE METHODIST
CHURCH—MORE SOULS WON
FOR GOD.

S.S. William Booth.
MONDAY, 20th MAY left SIMCOE
at 9 a.m. and drove to
Port Dover.

In the afternoon the CHIEF ENGINEER opened proceedings by taking a deep dive to the bottom of Lake Erie. Whilst crowding a plank near the steam dredge he slipped and fell head first. He was safely pulled out and we hope none the worse for his immersion. Soon after this a photographer took our photos, which are to be inserted in the Buffalo Express.

At night we had a brief march through the town and then took possession of the Methodist church, as no hall had been secured for us by our ADVANCE AGENT. We had a very good time. The boys were much refreshed by having Sunday on terra firma.

TUESDAY, left P.T. DOVER at 4.30 a.m., and after a long passage arrived at PORT STANLEY, where a rig was in waiting to drive us to

St. Thomas.

We were ably assisted by STAFF-CAPT. SMYTH, ADM. MILLER, and LIEUT. GRIFFITHS, who drove down from London to hear the Brigade. They report that we are greatly inferior to the Ladies' Band.

WEDNESDAY morning, open air meeting on market. Afternoon, band practice and address by Adjutant. Evening, march and open air. **TWO SOULS** came to God.

THURSDAY, drove by rigs to Port Stanley, and at once started for "ROD DEAU." Here we landed in small boats kindly lent by the Indians. Landed ashore and were driven to

Blenheim.

A fair crowd stood and listened to Adj. McGivray's earnest pleadings for sinners to surrender.

FRIDAY, Queen's Birthday, very warm day, arrived safely at

Leamington.

Huge crowds on wharf, who walked two miles to meet us. Had a brief march and open air address, crowds, large, and a liberal collection. Praised God! Evening crowds huge and offering very good. Found the S. A. Hall far too small to hold the people, so sent the Captain to Mayor, who kindly

Lent us the Town Hall

for \$2, which was well filled. Great meetings, grand music and solos. People all praising God. Stay far too short to do much, and we were just going to get souls when a messenger arrived from our boat saying that we must return at once as a storm was blowing up and he had no safe place to make fast to. We at once returned and sailed for

Amherstburg

at midnight, and after a good passage arrived at this port at 3 a.m. **SATURDAY,** very tired, having been up all night previous, no sleep all day.

SUNDAY, grand work done, three open air meetings, large crowds, fair offering, but no souls. Population largely composed of Roman Catholics.

Yours with love,

TREVOR LITTLE.

\$5, or \$2, or \$1

TO JOIN

The S. A. S. L.

JACK AT SEA.

The Queer Yarn of a
an Old Salt.

CHAPTER I.



I DIDN'T HITCH UP his trousers in the orthodox fashion of the ineffectual mariner, and he didn't shift his quid of tobacco, first because he hadn't one to chew, and secondly because he had he wouldn't have chewed it, for he was saved from his pipe through reading the War Cry.

He folded his tattooed arms and said, "My name is Smith, John—SMITH."

After this exciting assertion, our white-haired comrade launched into his story and steered ahead.

"I RAN AWAY from the coal-trade when I was quite a little fellow, because they bent me so, and kept me up all night. I'd got my cuticles away by degrees, and my sister she helped me. So I slipped for the West Indies in 1827, and from there to the Mediterranean."



After the

Battle of Waterloo

we brought home the invalid ship with the disabled soldiers. My, they were in a condition—good for nothing! Some of them had no arms, no eyes, or no legs, and some of them we threw overboard on the way home. Poor fellows!

"I WAS IN CHINA one month, and in 1831 in the navy, I shipped for the East Indies. I was round the Cape of Good Hope and to Singapore, and such like. As a man-of-war we went cruising around on the look-out for pirates. We gave chase to one, but when we came up we didn't like the looks of her, so we let her go, for we were afraid they had cholera on board. 'Twas a terrible sickly season."

"I remember how it rained three weeks and more without once stopping. I remember at last the Captain said if he heard anyone else coughing aloud he should give them two dozen lashes with the cat (they used the cat constantly then days). Well, I didn't want to get that, so I

went to the doctor to prevent it. But what did he do but heed me, and laid me up to that extent I got invalided home."

"ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS."

CHAPTER II.

FROM ENGLAND I went to New Orleans. Then we went out of Philadelphia with a cargo of molasses and fell in with a hurricane off Cape Hatteras, and our ship went down head-first. I thought I was gone that time.

"Another time we were six weeks in a gale of wind, and although the water was warmish it froze hard as it felt. But the ship was stripped and the cargo got ashore before us and we travelled to land on a spur. We went to a house and knocked, and told them we were castaways. They said they couldn't take us, but if we'd go four or five miles further, we would come to a man who would give a bed and some supper, so we went on and found him, as they told us. But he

wasn't wet. But the Captain, he comes along furious, and ordered the boat to be put into irons, and to receive

Two Dozen Lashes

with the cat.

"Well, the poor fellow took the disgrace and all of it to heart so hard—thinking of his mother perhaps—that he couldn't seem to get over it, and soon after, when a man fell overboard, he went after him and got hold of him and saved him—the ship was going twice as far as when he was on board. But when the boat got up to them, and the man was safe aboard, he shaved off from the boat and drowned himself—committed suicide with a broken heart."

"There was a lot more drinking then. I'd sometimes take a glass in the taverns ashore with the men, but never very much; it seemed as if my mother's prayers followed me round the world wherever I went. I had

Her Testament She Gave Me,

and I kept it with me constantly.

"Talk about a mother's love!—there! Before I'd come home from a trip one time, it happened there had been another ship that came to port a little before ours. Well, this John Smith the captain had killed him—flogged him to death. Of course it was illegal, and my mother she heard the name and thought it was me. But before she went down to bed she saw him, I landed and got home. Well, to see her face, when I stood at that door, and she came in—

THE NEGRO'S LAST LOOK.

CHAPTER IV.

"ABOARD ONE BOAT bound from Russia, I was second mate to a captain who was drunk all the time. His wife was on with him, and oh, he treated her brutal. Once she took the bang out of his liquor and let it run into the sea; but didn't he beat her cruel for it!

"A POOR BLACK FELLOW he killed him. The man had been sick too sick to move about, but the captain ordered him to climb up aloft. 'Captain,' I says, 'he ain't able.' So he set to work and flogged him with a beam with a peg in the end—he hammered him up terrible. Then he told me to take and lash him to a ring on the boat, where the waves would break over him. It was bitter cold, and

The Waves Froze

as they fell.

"I wasn't going to do it, and I said so. I never was scared of the captain, and he knew it. It wasn't my watch, so I went below to write my log."

"When I went up again, the chief mate was beating the poor sick negro worse than ever. 'Captain,' I says, 'that man's been beaten enough.' I took him away down to the cook-house where it was warm. His eyes seemed tearing out of his head as I got off his wet shirt."

"He turned and gave one look at me, and then he died—right there on my lap HE DIED!"

"But I shall never forget that look."

"CAPTAIN GAVE ORDERS next day to me to serve the men a glass of grog round, and call all hands, and we'd commit the body to the deep," says he. But I stuck to it there ought to be

A Coroner's Inquest

first. Although if I'd been scared of him, he would have treated me the same. However, he read the service for the burial of the dead. Then they started to let go, but what did I care but the rope behind me, and if I hadn't jumped quick, I should have gone over with the body, too, for he'd almost got me twisted by the heels that time! And to think of the captain reading the service with murder in his heart!

"I was out there, I went over-

came, and struck on a sand-reef, whilst the sea broke over us in only nineteen feet of water."

A SHARK'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

CHAPTER V.

"I had another close shave off Bombay, and the sail swung round and took my hat off overboard. My knife

was in it, too, and I didn't see it, so as it floated quick-board to fetch it. Suddenly—after that we fell in with a shark, 'bear a hand; shark sharp, hand-over-hand. There with its rows of teeth, just make a mouthful of me. I of that shark for months, as we've got to be just as much

Watch out for the D

now. I squirmed up that horrible-holus-holus! so I did

"That scared me, and I got a shock, too, in 1840, when a mine wanted me to go ashore play in Constantinople, drink and such. 'No,' says I, 'I'll never go without a guide, end of it was he got lost and the wolf-dogs—they swam streets of the city in water since—they sprang upon I killed him, and ate him all his limbs."

"We want a Guide just today, it seems to me."

"I'VE SIGHTED THE EN GATES."

CHAPTER VI.

"I SETTLED DOWN HERE four miles from Stratford, a was a young man he used me in a War Cry. Well, I read it, until it came to me to leave all my tollage. Ty a lot, I thought I'd walk Salvation Army barracks. A there was a stool near the you went in, and I set my on it like a pilgrim. Soon from that to a can-better further in. Well, if I didn plus and needles all that through while the officers At last I could stand it no jumped to my feet and shu served the devil sixty odd y's time

I Got a New Mast

Then they couldn't clear the form for me quick enough. no coaxing—I was bound to. "MAJOR GLOVER was t day. 'You'll not march,' you're too old!" but I arg but was off like a crane

"On Monday, I went to w orchard again. I couldn't Saturday night for thinking to kneel. I thought of Methodist murder, and I ried her testament everyw me, and I realized the tr and righteousness of it: member how she had p me many and many a t cind years ago, and I'm c now."

"Then one day out in th it seemed to come to m SINN ARE ALL FORGIVE"

"I was so happy I did what to do with myself like a great thanksgiving And I feel that God is w ready to go any hour of t night as I'm travelling a

Sword-Gr

FROM OUR CHIEFS

BETTER BE AN idiot than a philosopher The General.

FAITH IN VICTORY is a state condition to success on any General. Mrs. General

THE VICTORIES in the only to be won by those who win the victory at the

THIS LAUGH AND chum us to superficial. We a thine deeper. Since my of religion became one with

WE MUST HAVE more our plans in principles

come, in measures never

"Chief of Staff

DO YOU KNOW the man word "forever"? If you will be able to form the value of your neighbor some idea of how much suffer for it.—The Comma

at the Captain, he
and ordered the
to know, and to re-
Lashes

follow took the dis-
to heart so hard
another perhaps—
seem to get over it,
then a man fell over-
key him and got hold
him—the ship was
thirteen miles
the boat got up to
in was safe aboard,
and the boat and
committed suicide
start.

not more drinking
men take a glass in
to with the men, but
it seemed as if they
followed me round
er I went. I had
t She Gave Me,
sh me constantly,
mother's love—
come home from a
happened there had
Smith's aboard me
name to port a little
it, this John Smith
killed him—flashed
come it was sign-
other she heard the
it was me, but
down to Deptford to
and got home well,
when I knocked at
came to open it—

"I'VE SIGHTED THE GOLD-
EN GATES."

CHAPTER VI.
"I SETTLED DOWN HERE, about
four miles from Stratford, and there
was a young man he used to fetch
me a Vir Cry. Well, I read it and
read it, until I found that I ought
to leave off my tobacco. Then, after
a bit, I thought I'd walk in to the
Salvation Army barracks, so I went.
There was a stool near the door as
you went in, and I set myself down
on it like a pilgrim. Soon I shifted
from that to a cane-bottomed chair
further in. Well, if I didn't sit on
plum and needles all that meeting
through while the officers talked!—
At last I could stand it no longer.
I jumped to my feet and shouted, 'I've
served the devil sixty odd years, and
it's time

LAST LOOK.
ER IV.
BOAT bound from
and make to a cap-
it all the time. His
him, mid ch, he
L. Once she took
in liquor and let it
but didn't; he bent

FELLOW he killed
been sick—too sick
at the captain or
up night. 'Captain,
to be set to
him with a brown
and—he hummed
and he told me to
to a ring on the
naves would break
utter cold, and

Mr Froze
do it, and I had
and make to a cap-
it all the time. His
him, mid ch, he
L. Once she took
in liquor and let it
but didn't; he bent

again, the child
he poor sick negro
Captain, I says,
cater enough. I
wrote to the cook-
warm. His eyes
of his head as I
t.

avo one look at
—I right there on
forget that look.

ORDERS next day
men a glass of
I all hands, 'and
dy to the deep,
back to it there

Inquest
I been scared of
treated us the
read the service
death. Then they
t think did I see
and me, and if I
I should have
dy, but, for hold
ed by the house
link of the cap-
tion with murder

I went over-
a sun-dred,
over in his only
APPOINT-
V.

shave off Bon-
round and
ward. My knife

was in it, too, and I didn't want to
lose it, so as it floated quietly in the
board to fetch it. Suddenly I heard
"After that we fell in with a hurri-
cane, and a hand; shake below!"
Well, if I didn't swear up that rope
sharp, hand-over-hand. There it was
with its rows of teeth, just ready to
make a mouthful of me. I dreamt
at that shank for months, and I feel
we've got to be just as much on the

Watch out for the Devil

now. I gulped up that rope pretty
noble—holus-bolus! so I did.

"That scared me, and I got another
shock, too, in 1840, when a mate of
mine wanted me to go ashore to the
play in Constantinople, drinking wine
and such. 'No,' says I, 'I'll not go!'
I was a miser, and he went, and he
would go without a guide, and the
end of it was he got lost at night,
and the wolf-dogs—oh, they swarmed
the streets of the city in packs at that
time—they sprang upon him and
killed him, and ate him all down to
his boots.

"We want a Guide just the same
to-day, it seems to me."

"I'VE SIGHTED THE GOLD- EN GATES."

CHAPTER VI.

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four miles from Stratford, and there
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Salvation Army barracks, so I went.
There was a stool near the door as
you went in, and I set myself down
on it like a pilgrim. Soon I shifted
from that to a cane-bottomed chair
further in. Well, if I didn't sit on
plum and needles all that meeting
through while the officers talked!—
At last I could stand it no longer.
I jumped to my feet and shouted, 'I've
served the devil sixty odd years, and
it's time

I Got a New Master.

Then they couldn't clear the pentecost-
form for my quick enough. I waited
on coaling—I was bound to get there.
"MAJOR GLOVER was there that
day. 'You'll not march,' he said;
'you're too old!' but I grabbed my
bat and was off like a cricket.

"On Monday, I went to work in the
orchard again. I couldn't sleep on
Saturday night for thinking of going
to Liverpool. I thought of my poor
Methodist mother, and how I'd car-
ried her testament everywhere with
me, and I realized the truthfulness
and righteousness of it all. I re-
membered how she had prayed for
me many and many a time. (That's
eight years ago, and I'm eighty-three
now.)

"Then one day out in the country
it seemed to come to me, 'YOUR
SIN IS ALL FORGIVEN!'
I was so happy I didn't know
what to do with myself. It seemed
like a great thanksgiving morning.
And I feel that God is with me, I'm
ready to go any hour of the day or
night as I'm travelling alone."

K.

Sword-Thrusts

FROM OUR CHIEFS.

BETTER BE AN idiot with faith
than a philosopher without. —
The General.

FATE IS VICTORY is an independ-
ent condition to successful warfare of
any kind. —Mrs. General Hinds.

THE VICTORIES in the field are
only to be won by those who have
won the victory at the cross. —Mrs.
Burlington Booth.

THIN LAMBS AND stout religion
seems so incompatible. We were some-
thing deeper. When my own person-
al religion became one with some real
religion in it, I feel that need more
real. —Mrs. Herbert Booth.

WE MUST HAVE more variety in
our plans in principle over the
same, in measure over the same.
—Chief of Staff.

DO YOU KNOW the meaning of that
word "forever"? If you do you
will be able to form some estimate of
the value of your neighbor's soul, and
some idea of how much you should
suffer for it. —The Commandant.

Local Officers of St. John H. Corps, Newfoundland.



Capt. Fynn, Sergt. Newhook, Sergt. Walters, Sergt. Howell, Sergt. Pike, Lieut. Mercer,
Sergt. Evans, Sergt. Evans, Sergt. Major Fitch, Sergt. Sparks.

I am more than thankful to God
that I am in His service. One time
in my life my chief delight was in dy-
ing that which is wrong and sinful,
but today God who seems to be changed,
and today my whole life is given up
to God and the salvation of the lost.
—Sergt. Jones.

I thank God I am saved and happy
and on my way to glory. —Sergt.
Howell.

I am glad I love Jesus with all my
heart. I mean to go on to extend
His kingdom. —Sergt. B. Sparks.

I am saved and happy and going to
lick the devil. —Sergt. Pike.

Jesus saves me above public oph-
thim. —Sergt. Walters.

My life is hid with Christ in God.
—Sergt. Evans.

I think God for six years of vic-
tory through the blood of the Lamb.
I love God more than ever, although
the devil has lots of methods to get
me back but the Lord keeps me. —
Sergt. Newhook.

I am very thankful to God that
after years in the service I feel more
like going ahead than ever before.
My life, which was blighted with sin,
has been changed, and I am living
daily to the glory of God. —Wm. Col-
fel, Sergt. Major.

"TO THE PUMPS!"

BY MAJOR J. READ.

The very air seems to breathe with
good news about the financial part
of this great war. Some of the in-
human pumps are pumping at a great
rate, and they manage to pump up
some monetary aid.

The most startling and during vic-
tory I have to record to-day is the
fact (and a hard fact it is) that Cap-
tain Hugh, the worthy Eastern P. A.,
has succeeded in enlisting no less than
seven new Auxiliary members, all liv-
ing at Churchtown, P. E. I. Before
going any further, let me introduce
these gentlemen, and give them a wel-
come into our reserve ranks. G. P.
Reor, Esq.; R. C. Giff, Esq.; Rev.
W. Hanger, James Dixon, Esq.; W. A.
Wicks, Esq.; L. R. Evans, Esq.; and
J. Macdonald, Esq., their respective
numbers are 232, 231, 235, 236, 237,
238, 239.

Now, ye other P. A.'s, depend upon
it, Hugh will get ahead of ye yet.
Then if ye thus choose a thousand
why, the two will put—ah, I must
go no further! Tender, draw your
own conclusion. Success to the East!
Several of the local agents of the L.
H. in the Eastern Province are ex-
cited and much busied.

Captain Ross is busy in the Cen-
tral getting new agents, and raising
general interest. The following are
the names of some of the new P. A.'s:
Ernest Southam, Brookshire,
of Preston Falls, and Sisters Aldred,
Burl, Wakefield, Wetherby, of New-
market. I have received a few
cheering replies to my letter to the
Lord Agents, and if I am to take
their contents to a sample, they are
doing well all round.

Newfoundland in rather quiet in
"Light Brigade" lines, but wait till
Major Sharp gets his men and women
into the, and thoroughly organizes
his troops. Then we shall expect
something done. Lots of cents could
be raised, even in Newfoundland, for
do I not know the beautiful generosity
of these dear folks?

Captain Sembl reports bright pros-
pects in the West Ontario Province.

His cry is, "Send more boxes!" and
this is a healthy sign. Could some
person send him along a good knicker?
It would greatly assist him, and save
travelling expenses. Send it to Lon-
don, Salvation Citadel. Will all Lo-
cal Agents of the W. O. P. rally round
the Captain and lift up his hands?

And the yacht "William Booth!"
The Naval Brigade are having glori-
ous times. A tough fight at Welland,
a grand victory at Simcoe, with no
loss than 20 at the Cross. The 61st
Battalion of Lake Erie benefited some-
what by their sea-sickness, especially
in the neighborhood of Port Dover.
However, it is grand to know that
the boys of the Brigade fight desper-
ately for souls. This is glorious. We
are expecting this special party. It
pump quite a stream of financial aid
into the exchequer trough. Now, Ad-
jutant McDermott, "to the pumps!"

Captain Bailey, the North West P.
A., actually reports that one lady's
box contained 8888. It was full of
delight! Now, Captain, could you
not send some Auxiliaries?

Captain Barr, the worthy Advance
Agent of the yacht, is meeting with
success. He ploughs the ground and
opens the way for the gallant Naval
Brigade. God will reward him.

Morry to learn that Adjutant Ma-
gee is so much run down. The Lord
by His healing hand upon him!

Says the Commandant: "We can-
not too much push the boxes," and I
believe him. His very soul is in this
scheme, and we need push it. RE-
MEMBER, 20,000 BOXES CRITIC-
TED THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION
WOULD FEED 20,000 IF 25
CENTS IS DROPPED IN EACH QUAR-
TER."

Pield Officers, don't forget to stick
on the posters in connection with the
visit of the Commandant, Mrs. Booth
to the Naval Brigade in very promi-
nent places all round your town. This
is all important, and you use great
discretion in scattering the dodgers.

Then what about the "Light Bri-
gade in the great North West? Rea-
ly, something must be done here.
Heaps of people would be glad to get
a box, and we shall have to appoint
some suitable person to look after the

interest of Lazarus in this land of
plenty.

Dear old William Cateham, of
Holmesville, Ont., is evidently the old-
est Auxiliary on our roll. He writes
this note at the foot of his Renewal
Blank: "I suppose I am your oldest
subscriber. I put in my eighty-fourth
year."

Now, then, Auxiliaries, now then,
Provincial and Local Agents of the
G. B. M. scheme. Excelsior!

Great Field Day at Kingston

MAY 24th.

Major Morris in Charge—Big Crowds.

A Day of Reception—Beautiful

Meetings, Etc., etc.

The night previous to the 24th,
everyone seemed anxious to decorate
and adorn their different dwellings
and business houses in preparation
for the coming day's pleasure, which
pleasure they seemingly were going
to lavish upon themselves, regardless
of cost. Thank God, although the
devil seemed to be having it all his
own way, there was a counter-
traction—that of the Saviour. A Army
band playing up and down the streets,
and trying to attract attention
to that which was divine. We
watched them, and our eyes filled
with tears in gratitude, and a feeling
of extreme thankfulness to the One
Who had put it into the hearts of
the few blood-washed to make the
most even of this occasion to attract
sinners to the Mercy-Seat.

To say the least, this day could be
pronounced a unique success, as far
as the Salvation Army was concerned.
When over 600 people could be at-
tracted out of the city's allotments
and got to a spot away from all this
to spend a day pleasing to God, it
will at once be understood that God
has helped the Salvation Army to
keep its good influence upon the peo-
ple of this city.

The first batch went out to the
grounds at 10 a.m. It was a regular
pack in, but we landed in safety. Cars
kept coming all day laden with living
freight.

We were all got together on the
side of a hill at about 5 p.m. in the
afternoon, as it was preferable to be-
lieve in the tents. The Major soon got
us all fixed up in good time, and led
us forth into a real soul-stirring and
reviving time. Visiting officers and
soldiers spoke as did the Rev.
Holmes. The latter praised God for
an organization which on such days
as this could keep its people together,
away from the fascinations of the
world. Mrs. Morris read and gave
us some good words of counsel. We
had some beautiful string music from
the bands. The Major talked at
length and was listened to eagerly till
he closed this happy and very profit-
able gathering.

We all had to get home of course,
and in so doing many numerous inci-
dents could be told. Suffice it to say
there were always two car loads for
a car, and in the event of an indi-
vidual being so unfortunate as to have
a lot of baggage, sad, oh, sad, was
his plight. The different positions a
person had to stand or sit in were
original in the extreme. The Major
commissioned a sergeant to help
him through, and when he finally
greeted him at the right end of the
road, he had to congratulate him
truly on his immense success.

Musical tornado at night went off
without a hitch. Visiting officers
spoke. The Major got things on the
hum. We all got blessed, and one
poor drunk cried to God for mercy.
Glory be to God for such a good day!

Do You Particularly Love the Outcast?

THEN JOIN

—The S. A. S. L.

"PAY, OR KEEP OUT."

I WAS A HOTEL-KEEPER for thirteen years. I made money easy then, but people tell me there is not so much in the business as there used to be—and I spent it as fast as I made it, drinking round the time. So I packed up my things and left the hotel. With another man I built the skating rink at Leamington. I stayed a couple of years and came to CHATHAM, but times were hard, there was no work, I went right down.

"With nothing to do, I used to stand on the market-place and listen to the Salvation Army. They sang, and the singing was real good—with their drum."

"I was so desperately downhearted, I went one day to the River Thames, half-dressed to drown myself. I floundered over the uncertainty of the matter, and quite conscious of the wretched NOW, I stood hesitating. I don't know what day it was—I was too unhappy to have any thought of time—but I heard the drum in the distance, and it kind of took my mind

Off My Misery

a little, so I went back to the house. My wife had one boarder, and that was all we got to keep us two and our two little boys, and times were so hard. There were lots of people, I know, who would have helped me, but I was too independent-spirited to even go how hard-py I was. "Still I kept thinking that there would be one less mouth to fill if I was to drown myself, so I went down to the river, determined to do it. I had my foot on the beam of the bridge, just ready to plunge in the stream, whilst I wondered in a muddled way whether there could be any worse misery in hell (I'd had to quit drinking for want of money) and I only could wish I was dead, and out of the way."

"But I heard the drum again, and I thought I'd just go and listen to them once more in the open air."

"There was one soldier I'd liked to sell whiskey to when I was a hotel-keeper at Charlton Cross. He'd been a real hard fellow to drink. When I saw him I felt he had got something he hadn't when I served him whiskey, and I set me wondering."

Drowning Myself

I followed the drum right to the barracks. But what I heard there, I saw a box for money at the door. Well, I knew so little about it that I thought it must be some sort of a theatre. I hadn't a cent—not 1 and I supposed it meant pay or keep out. After a bit I saw a man go right in past the box, so I thought I'd slip in and try. There I sat down, every minute expecting someone to come and ask for the five cents, but nobody did, and I sat on and listened. "Well, I thought they were a jolly lot. I liked their looks, I liked their music, and it cheered me up a bit. I went every night, for it drew my thoughts off myself and the hard times. I went two weeks, but when the Captain asked me if I'd like to be saved, I said 'No.'"

"I thought my wife would think them low. So one day I says to her, 'Does it make any difference WHERE you got converted?' (I was kind of feeling my way with her.) So she said, 'No, (and can convert you anywhere.) She knew more about religion than I did. I went to a place a distance off, but I couldn't get right there. So I went to the Army again, and Captain Owens

Made Straight for Me.

"I told her I didn't believe in the Salvation Army, and she asked why. Well, I didn't like that box at the door—like a theatre! and I didn't like the uniform or the march, and I didn't like that great big hallo-luh-luh-luh sound she'd got on. I kind of see a smile creep into her eyes, but she steadied up, and went on talking salvation."

"If you'll go out and get saved, brother, and be a Christian, I provide you'll never ask you to go on the march," she said.

"Well, anyway, I went out and got saved, and that night I was on the march—without being asked either. "I'm a soldier to-day, although I did backslide about a certain matter when I was in the ranks some time. But it's taught me to walk humbly before God."

"I didn't go to the Sunday evening meetings because I didn't like to pass that box without putting something in, and I'd nothing. Then

Captain Owens

she wanted to know why I kept away. "Well, I didn't like to explain to her the real cause, and I couldn't tell a lie. So as she insisted to know why, at last I said, 'Captain, I don't like to tell you!'"

"But, brother," she said, 'I think I have a right to know why!'" "Then, when I told her the real reason, her eyes filled right up with tears, and she said, 'Don't you stay away no more because of that box at the door?' and Treasurer Yeomans (the treasurer still) told me, 'Don't you never go hard up again as long as I'm in the town.'"

"Of course this was when the Army first began in Chatham, and Captain Owens went to Heaven. F. K.

Tramping the Track.

"THE WAY OF THE TRANS- GRESSOR."

IT WAS A SORRY DAY for the little fellow when that showman came to town, with fair promises to his father that if he would let him train his active boy he would "make a man out of him."

Very conscious of his own importance was the young eight-year-old actor as he stood on the stage before an applauding audience. Very fetching the diminutive figure looked in the dazzling glare, singing his Irish song in character, with his corduroy knickerbockers with two pearl buttons, with

his drab stockings, low shoes and shillalies.

"From that time forward," said OUR CHATHAM COMRADE, with rueful tones, "I never could settle to anything. It seemed as if a wandering mood took possession of me. I went with boys who were older than myself, and soon I began to like the taste of drink. I became the black sheep of the family. I would run away for months, and stay till I was fetched back. My parents tried chastisement, but that wasn't the least bit of good. It just made me start right off again."

"When they saw whipping had no effect they took to coaxing, promising so much a month if I would stay home, but

A Restless, Roving Spirit

was too much for me. "After father died, I went into the army. There I was court-martialed, and received a dishonourable discharge. But I entered again under an assumed name, only to undergo court-martial and dismissal again, for repeated drunkenness."

"I thought I would try the Navy next, so I shipped and sailed for Virginia, then to the West Indies, etc., but I drank so heavily that I was discharged as 'physically incapable.' But I had a cast-iron constitution, and I liked the money, so I got in again, and sailed to Bombay, Calcutta, and the East Indies. I tried and tried to quit the drinking, and once I was three months at a stretch without drinking—but that was because I couldn't get it."

"In 1891 I was discharged, and shipped to London, England. After that I went knocking about all over Scotland and Wales, often

Sick, Tired, Destitute and Drinking.

"I was in a pretty tough condition, with clothes worn out, and altogether a pitiable object."

"I had knocked around the Army open-air to London a good bit, in Hyde Park, and Regent's Park, and anywhere, lounging about. I'd no place to stay, and I might as well go there to be amused."

"I appealed to the American Consul, and was sent home, and I soon landed in jail. From there I came to Chatham."

"I slept in the Salvation Army Shelters. I tried them all. Blackfriars, Whitechapel, Battersea, Salvage, etc. The officers often talked to me—lots of them, but I wouldn't listen, although I was getting thoroughly disgusted with myself."

"I had roved about everywhere. I had taken the stage several times, in variety plays in New Orleans, etc., dancing and singing specialty songs, and as head-lined comedian. It pays pretty well, and I could always sing a song, and even when I was a thug, I took a few steps naturally alone. But there was lots of drinking there, too."

"For awhile I took to tramping the track, to go on anywhere to get"

Away from Myself.

I was out of heart, and out of pocket. My nerves were all unstrung. I was on the verge of delirium tremens, drinking morning, noon, and night, and out of fifteen wretched years, I spent six or seven in different jails and prisons."

"I was sick of myself, sick of sin, sick of the wretched whiskey, so I went to the Salvation Army, and it was the holiest meeting."

"SENION MOORE was talking. He talked very straight. I went to morning, afternoon, and night. They spoke and sang, and I had made up my mind I would give my heart to God. I began to come and spoke to me, and I went to the penitentiary. I knew what I had to do—I had studied the Bible in prison—I PRAYED, and God heard me."

There's Rest at the Cross.

"The Ensign sent me to a place to sleep that night, (I think the Band fixed it up among themselves.) I've had a struggle for work since, but by God's help I mean to go right through till I die." F. K.

The population of the islands of Japan numbers 41,000,000.

SALVATION AND FREE-AND-EASY SONGS.

Tune:—"John Brown's body," B. J., 19.

I'm saved I know, and praise the Lord I'm kept by power divine, Strength sufficient I receive from Christ the Living Vine, And though at times the way is rough, 'e'en then I don't repine, But still go marching on.

Chorus

Glory, glory, hallo-luh-luh! (Repeat 3 times) I'm on my journey home.

And if I do faithful prove until my dying day, A band of glorious angels will my spirit bear away, To that land of peace and joy, and there I'll ever stay, And reign with Christ, my King.

Singing Glory, hallo-luh-luh! (Repeat 3 times) I've safely reached my home.

Now, my friends, I ask you where you'll spend eternity? Will it be with the damned east out, in endless misery, Or in that land of pure delight, from sin and sorrow free, Where pleasures never die?

Singing Glory, hallo-luh-luh! (Repeat 3 times) I've safely reached my home.

JOHN K. WILLIAMS

Tune:—"Clinging to the Cross," B. J., 107; "Angels Waiting," B. J., 53; "Bright Crowns," B. J., 59, or "Down in the Garden," B. J., 67.

My Saviour died for sinners die, Upon Mount Calvary, He left his happy home on high, That we might all go free.

Chorus

He died for every one, He died for every one, He died for every one.

Backslider, Jesus loves you still, And pleads for your poor soul, If you will His free pardon seek, He'll cleanse and make you whole.

My Saviour died for rich and poor, He died for every one, He waits to give you joy and peace, Backslider, won't you come?

SERGEANT MAY LANG, Peterboro

Tune:—"Draw Me Nearer," B. J., 14; "Now, I can read my title clear," B. J., 78, or "Open and let the Master in," B. J., 52.

Poor sinner, with thou trifling be, With Jesus' offered love, When He in mercy looks on thee And calls thee from above?

Chorus

Do not delay! Do not delay! The cleansing stream doth flow: There's power to save in Jesus' blood, It washes white as snow.

Why wilt thou still in sin remain, When He His love did show, By suffering pain, and death, and shame To rescue thee from woe?

Poor sinner, look to Calvary's cross, 'Twas there he shed for thee that blood That you might ransom be.

CADET A. NELSON, Industrial Farm Colony, Toronto.

4

Tune:—"Grand Salvation Plan," B. J., 87; "Hound for Canada's Shore," B. J., 112, or "Our Soldiers March and Play," B. J., 125.

Arouse ye! soldiers of the cross, Be valiant, true and brave, Haste to the rescue, Jesus calls, For help and souls to save, Our armour we must buckle on As soldiers of the Lord, Beat back the world, confound our foes, And conquer through the blood.

Chorus

We have a grand salvation plan, There are many sinners in our land Who long to be saved, They've never tried the precious blood Which cleanses every stain, But we will fight like warriors bold To save their souls from hell, And tell the world from realm to realm, Christ doeth all things well.

Oh, sinner! now your Saviour calls To leave your every sin, To enter now the Shepherd's fold; He died your soul to win, Oh! what a wondrous change will come When you are freed from sin, Then "Hallelujah to the Lamb," Will be the song to sing.

LIEUT. M. GIBSON, Brighton.

5

Tune:—"Over Jordan," B. J., 17.

Once I wandered far from God, In the downward path I trod, Now I'm washed in Jesus' blood, Hallelujah! I am happy day by day, Walking in the narrow way, And with Christ I mean to stay, Hallelujah!

Chorus

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I am saved from all my sin, Jesus Christ abides within; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, by His grace I'm going to win, Hallelujah!

Though the fighting may be rough, In His promises I trust, I have proved His grace enough, Hallelujah! I my griefs to Him confide, He is ever by my side, Strong to keep, and bless, and guide, Hallelujah!

I have yielded all to Him, To my Saviour I will cling, And the victory I shall win, Hallelujah!

By His grace I'll ever be, From all sin and doubting free, I will cling to Calvary, Hallelujah!

A. W., Nansimo, B.C.

Mitchell and Stephens. The former takes charge of Colchester, the latter as second at Barrie. May God bless you, my dear comrades. Prove true to God, trust Him in dark hours, live at the cross and you shall yet see many slain of the Lord.

THINGS HERE in Toronto are going ahead in the right direction. Nearly every corps reports souls every week.

OFFICER TEMPLE, under the leadership of William Ayre, is marching on to continued victory. Capt. Brooks comes to assist here in Lt. Redburn's place.

Ensign Ayre has a first-class Jagie band formerly which is doing good service around the city.

We are in need of two or three more young men to man our Gospel tent. Hurry up, my comrades, join in your application and join in the fight.

WE ARE THINKING seriously of taking a lead out of Brigadier Macgregor's book and organizing a ladies brass band. Now, my dear comrades of the C. O. P., here is a chance for you. Let us have your application at once.

NOTICE.—During the summer months corps within a radius of 50 miles from Toronto can get special for the week end for single fare. If you need an officer over Sunday apply at once to Major Roul.

Now, Officers of the Central Ontario Province, the summer is upon us. Let us leave no stone unturned to make it one of the best seasons of victory we have ever known. God is going to help us to this end, I do believe.

W. J. TURNER

COMING EVENTS!

THE COMMANDANT.

Oshawa, Friday, June 7th.
Oshawa, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, June 15, 16, 17, 18.
(Wedding of Captain Pugh and Capt. Henke on Monday.)

ADJUTANT MAJOR.

Embrake, June 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th.
Perth, June 11th, 12th, 13th.
Kingston, June 14th, 17th.

CAPTAIN SCORRELL.

Quebec, June 6th, 7th.
CAPT. BAILEY, Advance Agent, Naval Brigade.

Will visit Bayfield, June 6th; Chatham, June 7th; Goderich, June 8th, 9th.

CAPT. PUGH, Eastern Province.
6th, Munster Island (North Beach), June 8th, 9th, 10th.

Le Tox, N.B., June 12th, 13th.
St. John, N.B., June 11th.

The Salvation Marines.

Visit the following towns—Essex, June 4th; Wilmecourt, June 7th; Dresden, June 8th, 9th; Port Lambton, June 10th; Burlington, June 11th; Port Huron, Mich., June 12th; Bayfield, June 13th; Stratton, June 14th; Goderich, June 15th, 16th.

Grand Excursion

KENNEBECASIS ISLAND, July 1st.

Where is this place? In America? In New Zealand? No! In Manitoba? No! Where is it? WHY, our St. John, N.B.

"The beautiful steamer 'Springfield' has been engaged for the occasion, look for further particulars. Now, my dear people, a day with the Army, ah-hah-luh!"

WANTED!

Artist capable of good and rapid sketching, required on staff for Salvation Army publications. Must be a Unionist. Apply with specimens Colonel Bremer, 100, 102, 104, Clerk-well Road, London.

Souls! souls! Souls!

Glorious Revival News from all Parts of the Field.

BEDFORD-CAPT. BUREAU travelled this week. Had beautiful meetings, many convicted. — Lieut. Bradford.

PETERBORO'. — Grand soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night. Saturday night and all day Sunday we had ABJ. SOUTHALL with us. ONE for the missing in the holiness meeting and TWO saved at night. — Sergt. May Laug.

HIGHGATE (Ridgetown Outpost). — May 15th, great social. The weather was rather cold but the crowd came just the same. We were reinforced by officers from Thamesville, Dutton, Blenheim and Bothwell, also Dr. and Mrs. Logan, from Moraviantown, with their violin and guitar. The meeting was one of the old time jubilees. There was music, singing, dancing and rejoicing. We had solos in the English, Swedish and Indian tongues. — Capt. Lou Secord.

VICTORIA. — ADJUTANT AND MRS. ARCHIBALD have just returned from a flying visit to VANCOUVER and NANAIMO. The "Victoria Food and Shelter" has become an established fact. Captain M. Cowan, of Nanaimo, was present to assist in the opening.

ENSIGN FITZPATRICK, who for fourteen months has fought bravely in the social work, has taken a field appointment at NEW WESTMINSTER. Her faithful assistant, CADET ANDERSON, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and remains in Victoria. — Annie Kelly, special correspondent.

MORRISBURG. — CAPTAIN TOOLE has arrived and Cadet feels oh, so glad! Sunday's meetings good. The devil seems to have concentrated his forces here and has many under his control, but there are soldiers here who will fight till they die. — A.A.W.

PORT HOPE. — CAPTAIN BUREAU has taken charge here. Good meetings all day Sunday. ONE SOUL in the fountain. Another held up his hand to be prayed for. — Cadet E. G. Williams.

LIPPINCOTT STREET. — Saturday night ONE SOUL. Sunday morning, in spite of pouring rain, we had a good knee drill. ENSIGN FOX and LIEUT. DRYAN at the afternoon and night meetings. In the afternoon ANOTHER SOUL at the pentecost form, and at night THREE JUNIORS. — Capt. Parker, for Ensign Lee.

RAT PORTAGE, Ont. — Thank God for the droppings. People receive us well and THREE SOULS have been saved through our visiting them. We are just commencing house-keeping. One gentleman gave us a new bedstead. A lady gave us four nice cups and saucers and a set of glassware for the table, and lots of others have been just as kind in helping us in the furnishing of our quarters. We have nearly got enough for the drum and expect to be able to call the people to the Army Hall in proper style. CADET CAMPBELL has passed through his college training and become a full-fledged officer. God bless Lieut. Campbell. We expect Cadet Hahlik to come and help us and to be here about Saturday; praise God for the addition. Our gain is somebody else's loss. And so the war goes on. We have increased our War Cry 25 and we want other 25. — Ensign Bob Smith.

NEWMARKET. — ENSIGN and MRS. ARKETT with us. Pauline's guitar playing the part nicely. Sunday we worked hard all day. — Fred Burton, Sergt. Major.

PETERBORO'. — On Monday night we welcomed CAPTAIN KENDALL in the Peterboro' Corps. Sunday all day we had good meetings. At the close of the night meeting TWO weary souls found Christ. — Sergt. M. Laug.

NEWCASTLE. — Truly we are the Light Brigade. In making last collection a number of matches were found in one box besides the money. — Carrie Reeves, L. H. L. B.

BRAMPTON. — The fight is very hard and we are almost single handed, yet we mean victory. THE STAFF BAND did good service Saturday and Sunday. God bless them. TWO BACKSLIDERS have been forward and professed to find peace. — Josh Jones, Capt.

SELKIRK, MAN. — Everything looks beautiful here this spring. ONE SOUL last week. Sergt. Major Moore says even his heroes are glad he is saved because they got fed earlier on Sunday morning now. — Lieut. L. Gibbs, Capt. E. Kemp.

BONAVISTA. — Our District Officer is with us. THIRTY-ONE poor burdened sinners came to Jesus. About FORTY sought the blessing of a clean heart. Last night, Friday, was the crowning time. Our platform, about thirty-five feet long, could not hold the seekers for salvation and sanctification. A second was laid down, and along they came until TWENTY-EIGHT were counted kneeling at both forms. — Parsons and Brown.

RAPID CITY. — Stones are flying outside, souls crying for mercy inside, the devil howling like a madman all the time. Two for salvation, THREE for the blessing. — Capt. Spoucer, Levi Mercer.

REGINA. — We are all alive up here seeking the salvation of souls. Yesterday we commenced the day at 7 a.m. with ONE soul. ANOTHER in the holiness meeting. We marched out fifteen strong in the afternoon, and wound up at night with FOUR souls for Jesus, making EIGHT souls for the week. We have got into our home now. The people are very kind to us and have sent several things in towards furnishing the quarters. — Capt. A. E. Isaacson.

OTTAWA. — Since the change of officers the devil has been hard at it. We had a visit from Adj. Southall, with THREE SOULS in the fountain. Farewells are the order of the day, some to other parts and several to the field. The GOOSE has joined the naval brigade. — The Goos.

RICHMOND STREET. — COLONEL HOLLAND and ENSIGN PHILLIPS with us for Sunday. A hard pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether. ONE SOUL. God bless you, Joe! — FALK.

CHATHAM, N. B. — BRIGADIER SCOTT and MAJOR HOWELL with us for Saturday and Sunday. We had the joy of seeing FOUR comrades step into the experience of full salvation, and FOUR BACKSLIDERS came back at night. On Monday the steamer Nelson took a number of soldiers and friends to NEWCASTLE (one of the Brigadier's old corps) for a welcome meeting. CAPT. JENNINGS had well announced the visit of an old friend. Come again soon, Brigadier! — H. Matthews, Ensign.

MORTON'S HARBOUR. — The Salvation Army is marching on in this place. EIGHT RECRUITS lately enrolled. All who are glad to hear of a brand new S. A. Quarters at Morton's Harbour fire a volley. It is built on the great hill in Fowles' Cove and we have named it "Sharon" (Pleasant) Hill. We took up our abode in it April 25th. — Belle Holmes, Capt., and Mary Tilley, Cadet.

AMHERST. — Crowds good, interest increasing. Some souls have found peace. BRO. JOSEPH FRENCH and SISTER MARY SCRIBBINS have been married under the good old flag. Meeting led by ENSIGN and MRS. BRADLEY. War Cry are selling well. — Annie Boggs, Capt.; Les Davis, Lieut.

NEPEAWA. — Souls have been saved or sanctified every week here this year. Sunday at 7 a.m. ONE YOUNG MAN came out for a clean heart. At 11 holiness meeting SEVEN came out, some to straighten up old scores. It was beautiful! Afternoon 48 on march, with band in the front. The prayer meeting at 7 p.m. was a fiery time. At night a local preacher of the Methodist church came out for a clean heart. He promised to do anything for Jesus, even to be an S.

A. officer. THREE CANDIDATES have applied for officership last week. — Will Hewitt, Captain.

ST. JOHN, III. — Musical meeting Thursday night. CAPTAINS EDWARDS, PERRY and LIEUT. WHITTAKER with us. The meeting was a good one. FIVE SOULS for mercy. Tuesday night, united meeting of all the corps in the city. At No. III. Blessed time. TWO SOULS for salvation. Hallelujah. — J. R. McPherson, Lieut., for Captain J. K. Miller.

MORDEN, MAN. — God's power is felt. Many are feeling their need of a Saviour. Our work is progressing nicely and we expect soon to have a visit from our Major, when we will have a number of converts enrolled under the good old flag. — M. E. H., Capt.

ANNAPOLIS, N.S. — God is working and saving souls. We had EIGHT for the week. — Capt. Curry.

DELLIN. — We have just been favored with a visit from our D. O. ENSIGN HUNTER, also CAPT. and MRS. WISEMAN, from Galt, with their band. Galt band leads are a proper blood and fire, happy, go-ahead lot. Come again, lads. Dear editor, please don't cry "seasons" yet. I want to say a few more words about our corps here. (All right. — Ed.) Although there are but a few of us, yet the devil can't move us. The soldiers are like glue, they stick well. — Captain W. Orchard.

FORT LAMBERTON. — The LASSIES' BRASS BAND, in command of Capt. Dean and Lieut. Pettit, visited us on the 15th inst. Our barracks being too small to accommodate the crowd the friends of the Methodist church came to the rescue and loaned us their church. The building was well filled and a grand time was had. After some rousing testimonies from the soldiers, Sister Pierson read the lesson. The financial results of the meeting were good. — W. M.

WATERLOO, QUE. — Thank God the S. A. is not dead nor sleeping here in Waterloo. Last week FIVE SOULS for salvation. They are all keeping well saved. ADJUTANT MCGEE and CAPT. McHARG, our D. O., were with us. ONE SOUL at the outpost. — Lieutenant Hill.

CLARK'S HARBOUR, N.S. — We have put on record some rock bottom facts satisfactory to all fair-minded people. Some chances for the best in our plan of fighting. Good crowds Sunday afternoon and evening and TWO YOUNG MEN for pardon. — D. P. Exile.

YORKVILLE. — We have just taken charge here in this place. The fight is still hard, but we believe God is going to help us. Saturday and Sunday all day ADJUTANT MCGILLIVRAY and the NAVAL BRIGADE. At the close of the night meetings ONE POOR WHISKY SOUL came to the cross. The devil got less. — Lieut. Liat. Way, for Capt. Wooliam.

CHANNEL, Nfld. — Although we may be a long way from any other corps yet we have Jesus with us. — Captain G. Cooper.

WINNIPEG. — Big time last night, SEVEN at pentecost form, three men and four women. CAPT. K. SCOTT with us for night meeting. — Capt. Mc.

The Lassies' Brass Band.

Leaving Forest for Petrolia we were caught in a rainstorm. The driver thought we had better stop at a house on the road, but when we got there we found that there was no person home. What a sight! Girls running in all directions! One of the lassies backed up into the corner of the house, another ran to the smoke house, while others made for the barn. However, we arrived at Petrolia safe and had large crowds both inside and out. From Petrolia we went out to GLEN RAIL, where we had a good meeting in a big house barrack. The next place was SARINIA. The officers had just taken charge here, but we had a good time notwithstanding. The next day we went to that little place on the River St. Clair called FORT LAMBERTON. Arrived there in good time. Out at 7.30 for a march. One of the girls met with an accident which might have proven serious, but there were no bones broken. We had our open air and went on to the church, where we had our meeting. We mean to go in for God and souls. I am sure I can say that the desire of every girl is that God's kingdom might be extended. — Lieut. Hailey.

MISSING

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with be word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOMPANY APPLICATIONS.

1552.—COURMAN, MICHAEL. Was last heard of, about seven years ago, was working in a livery stable in Omaha, Neb. His father is very ill, and his mother is very anxious. Last from him. Address, Mrs. Courman, Guelph, Ont.

1556.—SYRAD, CHARLOTTE. Left Jerrado Cross, Buckinghamshire, England, and was last heard of from the Institution for the Blind, Brantford, Ont. April 24th, 1877. Friends in England enquire.

1557.—LOCKWOOD, TRAVIS. Age 25; height, 6 feet; brown hair; dark blue eyes. Came to Canada in 1870 with Rev. R. Wallace, Marchmont Home, Belleville, Ont. is supposed to be working on a farm.

1558.—GOTTLIEL, JENS CHRISTOFFER. Age 55; blacksmith; native of Denmark. His address in 1875 was Lanark Ontario. Mother enquires.

1559.—DUNN, J. Age, about 60. Supposed to be in Canada. Mrs. Boyd enquires.

1560.—YODAN, THOMAS WALTER. Was put into St. Philip's orphanage, Birmingham, England, 3 years ago. Afterwards sent to Canada. Mother is anxious for news.

1561.—BOLPIN, CATHARINE FRANCES. Age 23; JOSEPH CHARLES, age 26; OTTO JAMES, age 24; Catharine is supposed to be in Toronto, Joseph and Otto in Hamilton. They have been in Canada about 12 years; they were placed in the Children's Home, Bonner Road, Victoria Park, London, and were sent to Canada. Joseph is supposed to be married. Father enquires.

1562.—MERCEUR, GEORGE HARMER. Age 42; height, medium; hair and whiskers, dark; figure, upright. Left wife four years ago and came to Canada. Will be or anyone knowing his whereabouts, communicate with us. He may be in Manitoba.

1563.—PEARCE, WILLIAM, FRANCIS and EDITH JANE. William Francis, age 19; light brown hair; fair complexion; grey eyes; height, about 5 feet. Came from Dr. Barnard's Home to Canada; has not been heard of since. Edith, age 17; fair hair and complexion; blue eyes; wears glasses sometimes. Left England for Canada in 1893. Last heard of from Halesbar, Peterborough, Ont. Sister enquires.

1565.—CONNELL, MR. and MRS. EDWARD; nee Lisle Marden, late of Leeds, Yorkshire, England. Came to Canada five years ago. Mrs. Alice Spensley (sister) enquires.

1569.—GOULD, H. Last heard of at Toronto Junction. Had then two children. His sister, Mrs. Westlake, Port Arthur, Ont., would like to hear from him.

1571.—TINDALL, MRS. ROBERT. Address wanted. Husband had large livery stables in Winnipeg. Two years ago they moved to Edmonton, North West Territory. Mrs. Tindall is a regular attendant at Salvation Army meetings. Any information will be acceptable.

1572.—DOHERTY, EDWARD. When last heard from, he was in passenger ship with a man in the blacksmith business in Clare County, Michigan, is 1880. His brother, J. Anthony, then lived in Harrington, Oxford County, Ontario. Edward was born in Birmingham, England, and Anthony in Lexington, England. American "Cry" please copy.

1573.—EMPEY, HIRAM STANTON. Last heard of in Texas, U. S. Any information regarding the above named, will be acceptable if addressed to A. J. Empey, care Captain M. M. 128 Gore Avenue, Vancouver, B. C. U. S. "Cry" please copy.

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